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SEPTEMBER 16, 1983

VOL. 35 NO. 18

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
Farewell to Andy Berezhkov
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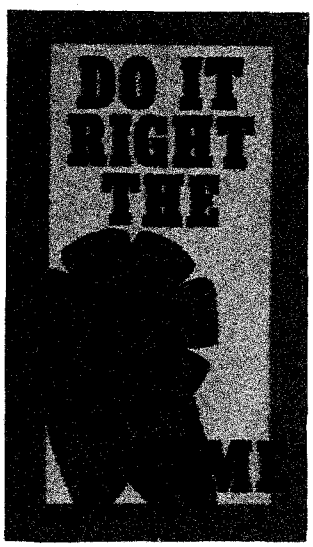

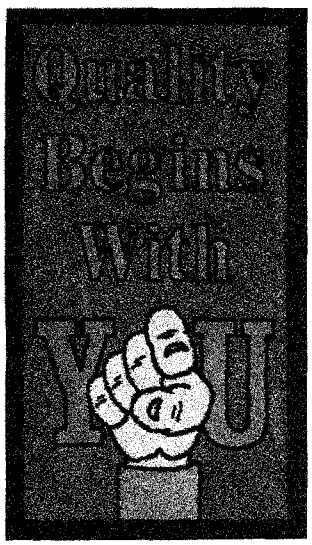

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It is by conventional standards an extraordinary week—although not an untypical one for Bill Buckley. As John Leonard explains in his *Vanity Fair* review, "When Buckley goes to the theater, the theater he goes to is *Nicholas Nickleby*. When he must change a seating plan for lunch, he can substitute our ambassador to the United Nations for the Vice President of the United States. When he is about to tape a television program with the governor of Kentucky, the telephone call that interrupts him is from Ronald Reagan. This is life in the fast (right) lane."

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SEPTEMBER 16, 1983
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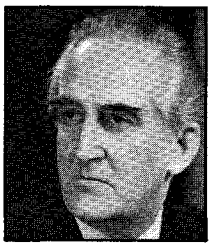

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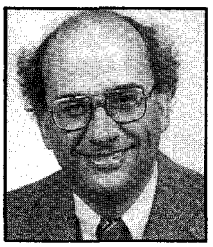

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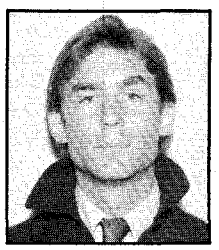

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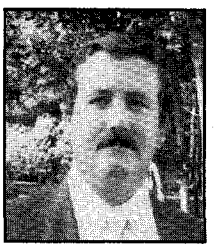

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After ten years, the Pinochet government is in trouble—opposed by the same sectors of Chilean society whose discontent led to the fall of Allende. It isn't political repression they're protesting (there is less of that now than at any other time in Pinochet's rule). The real problem seems to be economic mismanagement. The principles of the coup have been betrayed. *Larry A. Sjaastad*

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Letters

A Pressing Point

Three cheers for Richard McKenzie's piece on free speech and the free market ["The High Cost of Free Speech," Sept. 2]. It makes a principled point in an age of media tyranny, namely, that when it comes to regulation, the boys on the news beat gag on the pills the rest of us have to swallow. In fact, the press does coercively set a "national agenda," which it proceeds to beat into the ground. The Fourth Estate is usurping the First. Likewise, the courtroom song and dance about "protecting sources" can and does endanger the rights of the public these newsmen purportedly protect.

McKenzie is right on target: The issue is the dual attitude of the press toward government regulation. Only substitute "hypocritical" for "dual."

Patrick Knippenberg
Woodland Hills, Calif.

Middleman

I yield to no one in admiring John Simon's film critiques. I think he is by far the most intelligent and erudite film critic in the country today. Having said this, I must confess I was taken aback at his use of the word *moyenâgeux* in connection with *The Return of Martin Guerre* [Aug. 5], a film whose story takes place in the mid-sixteenth century. Surely even in the latest-blooming countries (and France was hardly one of them) the year 1549 was already in the late Renaissance heading for the Age of the Baroque. Would Mr. Simon, for example, call Montaigne—by any backward stretch of the imagination—a medieval man?

Lou Rose
Lusby, Md.

An Explanation

I am afraid that my article "Is Ideology Useless?" [June 10] has caused a series of misunderstandings, and the same can be said of the Portland Declaration [*NR*, Oct. 16, 1981]. I have *not* tried to "transform" American conservatism into an ideology, last, but not least, because the term "conservative" as used in America covers an endless number of frequently contradictory attitudes and convictions from Burke to Rothbard. To be against collectivism is fine, but in these "Dark Ages of Democracy" (to quote Melville) it is surely not enough.

I myself never use the conservative label. I have written books and articles in the United States for half a century without ever claiming to be a conservative, though I have upheld certain ideas and ideals held by "traditionalists" as well as by genuine liberals. I am an extreme rightist as well as a liberal. In this connection I wonder whether Americans realize that there is not a single party in Catholic Europe that calls itself conservative. For a global politics one must face realities and take the mentalities of *all* nations fully into account. Big nations can be as parochial as small ones. Except in the islands and peninsulas of northern Europe, and in North America, the word "conservative" has no magnetism.

Nor am I convinced that a non-intellectual (and non-artistic) "conservatism" merely resting on noble feelings is enough for the English-speaking nations. I am convinced of the absolute necessity of American leadership in this critical period of human history. Our undeclared Third World War has a military as well as an ideological side. The Burkean tradition (whose intrinsic value I fully appreciate) just won't do in this life-and-death struggle, either on a global or on a local scale. In his *Ethics of Rhetoric*, Richard M. Weaver warned us that "Burke should not be taken as a prophet by the political conservatives" since he had "of clear rational principle a mortal fear." Yet the world needs appeals to the heart as well as to the brain. *What we need is a concrete vision*, not mere tradition or, least of all, the primitive method of trial and error. We have to move high and low, simple people, artists, thinkers, but, above all, young enthusiasts.

America, because her global leadership is so necessary, has to overcome her natural limitations and inhibitions. She needs allies. The allies need inspiration, a common intellectual and spiritual bond. Otherwise the enemy will bury all of us, perhaps even without an armed conflict.

Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn
Lans, Tyrol

The Gatsby Generation

I yield to no one in my admiration for the work of Kenneth Lynn, and I have, as a matter of fact, learned a great deal from it. However, there is a point in his recent collection of essays, assented to enthusiastically by its *NR* reviewer, J. O. Tate [Aug. 5], that calls for critical comment.

In a sentence that Mr. Tate considers "worth a volume of exegesis," Lynn asserts that "It is his collection of gaudily colored shirts, not Daisy, that Gatsby flings down in his bedroom." Lynn goes on to conclude: "The 'lost generation' myth might assert that war-haunted young men of the Twenties enacted a revolution in morals,

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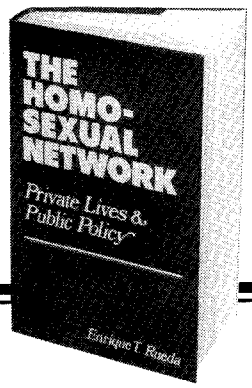

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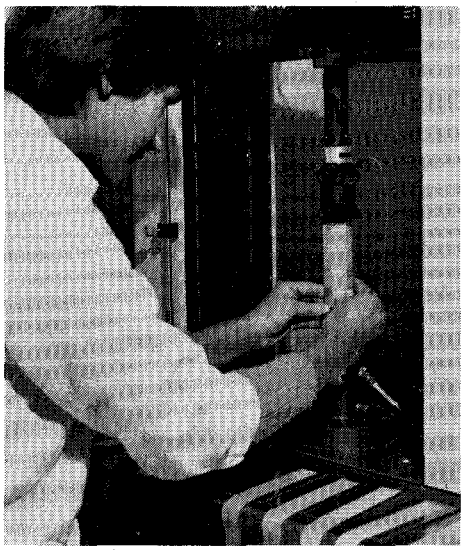

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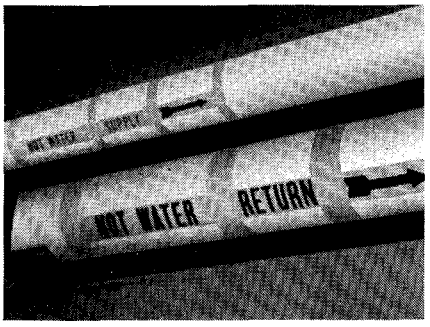

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but the most famous suitor of the period [Gatsby] was as inhibited as any Puritan."

It doesn't look that way, though the evidence is not absolutely conclusive. One night during that Long Island summer (see the beginning of Chapter VII) the lights go out in Gatsby's mansion. The following bit of dialogue ensues between Nick and Gatsby:

> "Going away?" I inquired.
> "No, old sport."
> "I hear you fired all your servants."
> "I wanted somebody who wouldn't gossip. Daisy comes over quite often—in the afternoons."

That happens to be all we know about those afternoons. Fitzgerald leaves open the question Mr. Lynn wishes to close. We may think Gatsby so ethereal a romantic idealist that sex is precluded. On the other hand, Gatsby is at the same time a young roughneck and a sort of frontiersman. And if we think of the parallel and contrasting affair between Tom Buchanan and Myrtle Wilson, that couple does disappear into the bedroom at least once during the anti-party at their Manhattan hideaway.

There is also pretty clear textual evidence that Gatsby and Daisy had sexual relations during their original Southern phase, though Fitzgerald was not blatant about these things.

On the so-called lost-generation myth about a revolution in morals, I doubt that all of this can be "dissolved" by an appeal to Booth Tarkington's *Alice Adams*. But, if we want testimony about the change in matters concerning sex during the Twenties, we can conveniently turn to the creator of the "Puritan" Gatsby. The first five hundred words of Fitzgerald's essay "Echoes of the Jazz Age" will do the trick: "By 1926 the universal preoccupation with sex had become a nuisance . . ." And it is a pretty fair guess that what revolutionized morals was not so much the war or Sigmund Freud as Henry Ford.

Jeffrey Hart
Hanover, N.H.

Keynes's Context

Whoever wrote your editorial on Keynes ["Name That Economist," July 8] should take care to avoid quoting Keynes's comment on Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom* out of context. The comment comes from the opening of a letter Keynes wrote to Hayek in 1944, and is a standard blurb on all the reprints of that book. In the rest of the letter, Keynes severely qualifies his opening comments and makes it clear that his objection is not to planning, which he in fact calls for an expansion of. It is rather to planning carried out by immoral and violent men. At the end of the letter, Keynes states: "Dangerous acts can be done safely in a community which thinks and feels rightly." This is hardly a position that

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would be taken by Hayek, and it would, I think, make even a number of Keynesians uncomfortable.

William Sjostrom
Seattle, Wash.

Two Views

Mr. Jeffrey Meyers's review of Martin Seymour-Smith's *Robert Graves: His Life and Work* ["Spellbound," March 18] came only recently to my attention. Of all the nastiness that the lying resentful fictions of the book have aroused, Mr. Meyers's attack on me wins honors for the most rhetorically murderous. Lies appeal to the disposition to lie, especially where, in a manly breast, some resentment toward the target rankles.

The main source of the lie-inspiring lies of the book is, of course, Graves himself. He never uprooted his congenital disposition to lying, which I early recognized in him. So long as I could believe in the morality of his literary ambition, he was, to all outward effect, a loyal and grateful recipient of the much he set himself to adopt from my principle and practice. When I came to the end of my comradely capacity to believe, his resentment propelled him into a course of full-scale hypocrisy.

Mr. Meyers writes that Graves gradually patched up friendships "with most of the people with whom Laura made me quarrel." This is among the most gruesomely wicked of the Graves perversions. The true record of relations between others and myself in those years is not one of quarrels but of friendships in happy number, in which Graves had unlimited share.

Graves compounded the lie of his war-shattered nerves with the later lie of an unnervingly unhappy marriage with Nancy Nicholson, who not only was not "bitchy" but, with brave good cheer, cleaned up Graves, indulged his personality failures, and made their home a place of friends.

To come to the case of Jeffrey Meyers. Mr. Meyers made himself known to me some years ago with a request for leave to consult me in connection with a biography of Wyndham Lewis. I declined to commit myself to assisting him, on the ground that I had had very limited contact with Lewis, and that I wished to reserve what I might have to tell of him for my memoirs. I wrote Mr. Meyers that if I published anything on Lewis before my memoirs he could use it. This was the substance of our communication. The violence of Mr. Meyers's characterization of me—he says, among other things, that I am "surely the most unpleasant literary personality of our time (Brecht, by comparison, is charming)"—is preposterous. It is the frenzied envy of a man who has immersed himself in intellectual business beyond his depth.

I cannot but feel that readers of such an article as Mr. Meyers's, so full of rancor

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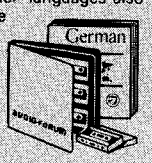

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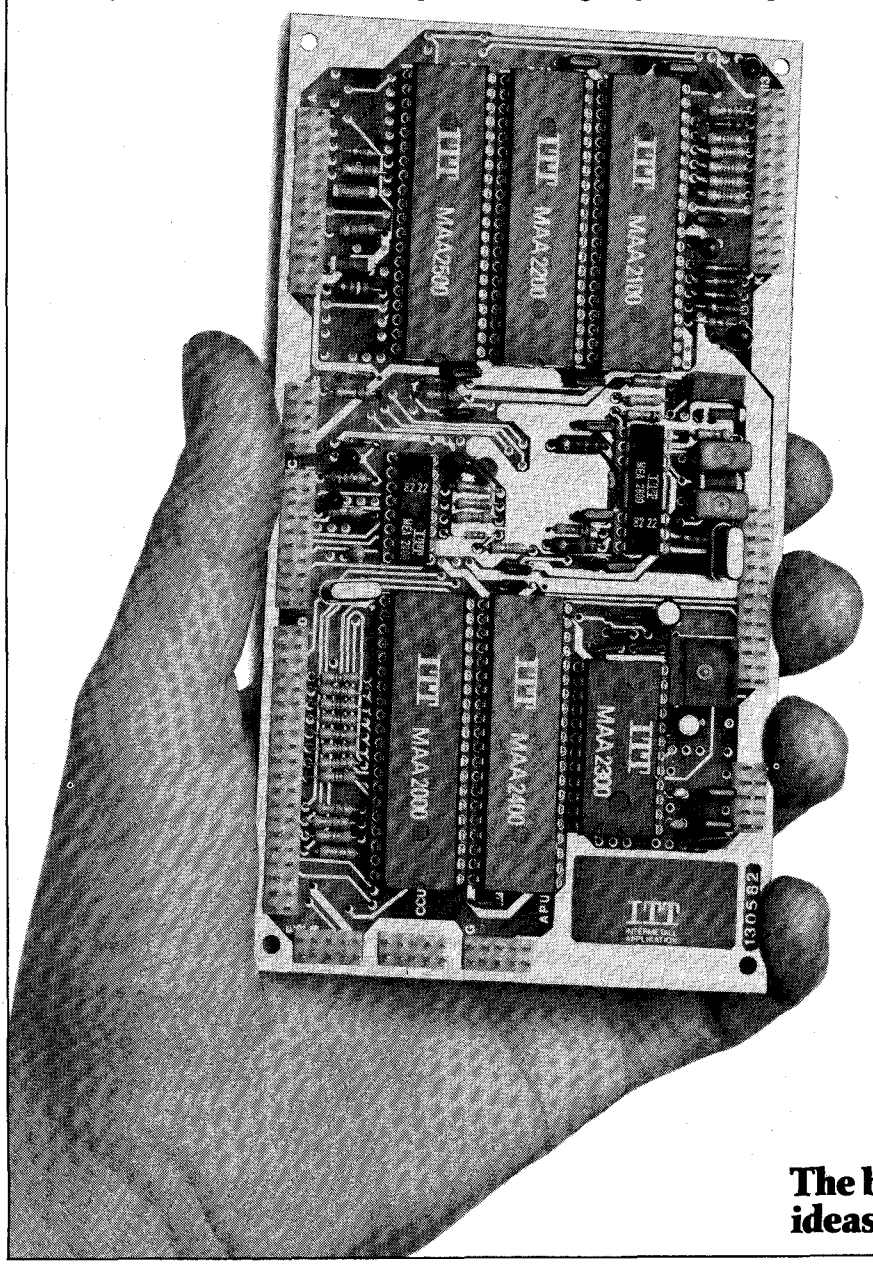

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT

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and free with lying matter, are owed some counter-word from me.

Laura (Riding) Jackson
Wabasso, Fla.

Mrs. Jackson's quarrel is essentially with Robert Graves and Martin Seymour-Smith, for I never met her and formed my opinion after reading the Graves papers at Harvard, and Seymour-Smith's fine biography. During our friendly correspondence about Wyndham Lewis Mrs. Jackson wrote a dozen long pages, but she neither answered my queries nor made any sense. The tediously familiar rage of her letter merely substantiates my characterization of her literary personality. —JM

The Persecuted Church

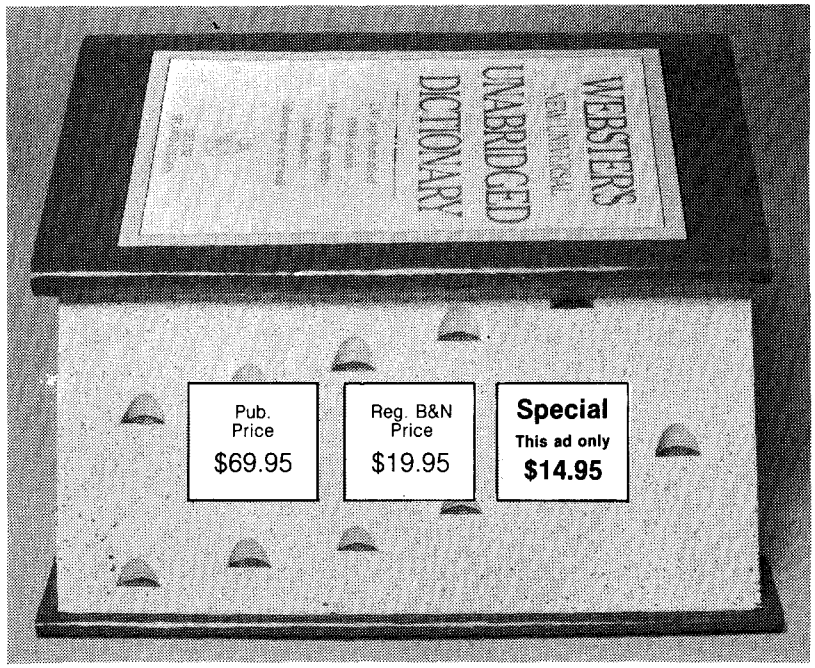
Darek Barefoot gave me the honor of commenting on my article about the persecution and abolition of the Rumanian Byzantine Rite Catholic Church ["Letters," July 8], and I am grateful for his comments. However, as one who served four years with the Royal Rumanian Army against the invading Soviet forces I have first-hand knowledge of the realities. I must state that those sensitive political problems of minorities were dealt with not by the regular army, but by political forces that had no chaplains. By tradition and belief, all European national forces (as did the Americans) had their chaplains to tend to the sufferings of their own troops as well as to the needs of their prisoners of war. All Christian churches in Soviet-dominated countries are subjected to state control. That means less independent activities and also varying degrees of oppression. It is a well-known fact that the Catholic Church most strongly opposed the Communist dogma and lifestyle. For this reason the Catholic Church was the most oppressed and the most persecuted, the end result sometimes being total suppression of the Church, as was the case with the Byzantine Rites of Rumania, Slovakia, Ruthenia, Hungary, and the Ukraine.

During my stay in the Soviet Union with the military hospital, I had many contacts with the population and with the POWs. I am positive that these people would have been happy to have foreign chaplains on their soil to bless their marriages, baptize their children, and comfort them in their time of sorrow.

It is almost forty years since the end of World War II, and still the history of those events is purposely distorted. If General Cornwallis had won the Revolutionary War, would we blame General Washington's army chaplains? Tragically today, from behind the Iron Curtain, the bitter cries of families broken apart by arrest, prison, and torture are not heard—or worse yet, not heeded—by the Western (including American) news media.

Cornel H. Petrassevich, MD
Philadelphia, Miss.

The price of looking it up just went *way down!*



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FOR THE RECORD

■ **Lyn Nofziger**, long-time **Reagan** advisor and important in Reagan's shadow re-election campaign, predicts Reagan will soon emerge from the shadows. "We fully expect," says Nofziger, "the President will let us begin to work in October"—shortly before Reagan leaves for visit to Far East. . . . As soon as Reagan gives word, **John Anderson** will decide whether to go for a re-run. Reagan, Anderson claims, is a "great hindrance to the flowering of a new political party because the vast majority of the people are opposed to Reagan . . . and they say, 'Nothing must deter us from turning this man out of office.' So my prospects will be much brighter if he doesn't run." . . . Atlanta Mayor **Andrew Young** doesn't want **Jesse Jackson** to run. Young, who supports **Walter Mondale**, says, "I don't see any way Jesse can get through the primary process and be available to transfer the enthusiasm for himself to somebody else between July [time of Democratic convention] and November." . . . **Wesley Pruden** of *Washington Times* wonders why Democrats aren't making similar "don't run" pleas to **Alan Cranston** and **Gary Hart**. Could it be, he says, that Cranston and Hart supporters are considered "sophisticated enough to 'transfer their enthusiasm' in the summer of 1984, but Jackson's black folk are not?"

■ Back into the closet: On August 29 *New York Times* reporter **John Herbers** offered this analysis of August 27 march on Washington: "The diverse outpouring of Americans from across the nation was evidence of a revival of the activist Left since Ronald Reagan was elected President . . ." Next day an "Editors' Note" appeared in *Times*: "A news analysis on page one yesterday referred to Saturday's civil-rights march in Washington as evidence of the revival of the 'activist Left' in America. Many organizations participated in the march. The use of the term 'activist Left' [was] an incorrect generalization." Herewith some of the "activist mainstream" organizations that sponsored march: Communist Party U.S.A., National Lawyers Guild, National Alliance against Racist and Political Repression, U.S. Peace Council, Mobilization for Survival, and Women Strike for Peace.

Langdon, *Punch* Rothco

"Dammit, the last thing I expected from our walk in the woods was a request for political asylum."

■ Sen. **John Tower**'s decision not to seek re-election in 1984 has White House fuming. GOP now has 54 to 46 majority in Senate, but majority is in danger in '84. With Senate Majority Leader **Howard Baker** also retiring, GOP goes into '84 election with only a two-seat edge; 19 Republican senators are up for re-election, as opposed to 14 Democrats. So far only Democratic senator to opt out of '84 race is **Jennings Randolph** of West Virginia. Democrats must win five seats to gain control of Senate. . . . Not all congressmen spent summer recess at home with constituents. Some visited dictators abroad. Sen. **Paul Tsongas** (D., Mass.) headed congressional delegation to Nicaragua. After visiting junta ruler **Daniel Ortega**, Tsongas called news conference in Managua to urge U.S. to talk with Sandinistas. . . . Rep. **Clarence Long** (D., Md.) has distinction of heading first American delegation to meet with Polish ruler General **Wojciech Jaruzelski** since martial law was imposed in December '81. "We heard the prime minister's point of view," said Long at Warsaw news conference, "and he had lots of suggestions"—mostly concerned with lifting American trade sanctions. . . . Rep. **Howard Wolpe** (D., Mich.) led first congressional delegation to Ethiopia since Marxist takeover in 1974. After meeting with Ethiopian ruler Lt. Col. **Mengistu Haile Mariam**, Wolpe said: "We could not have been more warmly received." According to Wolpe, Mengistu "signaled the desire for better relations." Rep. **Gerald Solomon** (R., N.Y.), a conservative and only Republican in delegation, didn't get the signal. Solomon told reporters that Mengistu "called us a bunch of terrorists" and "said we were exporters of revolution and imperialist aggressors."

■ On September 27 the National Archives plans to release 1.5 million pages of **Richard Nixon**'s presidential papers, many of which relate to Watergate. **William E. Timmons**, former assistant to Nixon, is among those who are not eager to see the material. He suspects "there is enough substance in the files to feed the Fourth Estate through the winter."

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THE WEEK

■ The emerging presidential candidacy of Jesse Jackson received a stunning setback last week when he picked up the support of Barry Commoner.

■ The Republican Party in Texas has been turned upside down by Senator John Tower's surprise announcement that he will not run for re-election in 1984. Texas Republican leaders doubt that an appealing candidate can be found to replace the veteran senator, who now serves as chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee. Tower's departure is not merely a loss for Texas. For more than twenty years, John Tower has been a forceful and articulate advocate of a strong national defense, consistently arguing that defense expenditures should both be elevated and be tailored to meet the particular threat we face. Since 1980, his competence and fair-minded leadership of the Armed Services Committee have won him the respect and admiration of virtually all of his colleagues, Republican or Democratic, Right or Left. We only hope that his abilities will continue to serve the nation well in the future, perhaps in a second term of the Reagan Administration or perhaps in private industry. Washington experience tells us that old committee chairmen never die, they just move on.

■ Professor John Kessel of Ohio State University has been surveying and analyzing the opinions of White House staff members since the Nixon Administration, and his computers have just finished crunching the numbers for the Reagan team. "The vocal Right," says Kessel, "has consistently charged the Reagan Administration with insufficient conservatism. One favored slogan has been 'Let Reagan be Reagan.' The implication is that Ronald Reagan has somehow been surrounded by moderates or even liberals on the White House staff. [Yet] no differences exist between President Reagan's policy preferences and those of his staff. His beliefs are their beliefs," and all appearances of waffling or divided counsel arise from strategic differences in carrying out the common policy. Well, garbage in, garbage out, as they say. In politics, strategic differences can make all the difference. No doubt every Reaganite, checking Professor Kessel's "Economic management" boxes, expressed a preference for lower taxes and shrunken deficits. Then comes the strategic question: Do we, or do we not, further these goals by supporting the Dole tax bill—that is, by raising taxes? And so on, and so on. One hard fact simmers in the professor's statistical jambalaya: The staff Reagan picked is the staff Reagan wants. Despite all the hauling and tugging (because of it?), the current set-up suits his style and temper. Reagan, for better or worse, is being Reagan.

■ After the House of Representatives approved $8.4 billion in additional funding for the International Monetary Fund (IMF) last month, those conservatives who are against the bailout have staked their last flag on the conference committee, which they feel could produce a different bill from the one that narrowly passed the House, 217 to 211. In a memo sent to conservative leaders across the country, Richard Viguerie urged them to stir up public clamor against "U.S. taxpayers' subsidizing big banks' dealings with Third World and Marxist countries." The $8.4 billion would permit the IMF to carry on business as usual, including fresh loans to particularly straitened debtor nations to help them with the debt service on their current loans—a process that could continue, in an endless loop, as long as the United States was willing to subsidize it. What Viguerie et al. fear is not only that the U.S. is letting out more rope, but also that, in the words of Treasury Secretary William Simon, "By trying to bail out the irredeemable, we risk turning important institutions like the IMF into welfare agencies."

■ United Nations fans: Well, efforts by the U.S. to get a UN condemnation of Libyan aggression in Chad have predictably failed. All Qaddafi did was move troops, planes, armored vehicles, and so forth, into the northern part of the country and, yes, seize it. UN action was blocked by a coalition of Communist and Third World votes. Similarly, the Soviets have escaped censure for their invasion of Afghanistan. The UN is not "the last best hope" of mankind. The U.S. is.

■ Near the end of June, KGB agents entered the apartment of Mikhail Meilakh in Leningrad. Ten hours later the KGB had gathered enough on Meilakh to take him into custody, and he has been in

Strategic Praying

When I lay me down to sleep,
I don't mess around with sheep,
Nor do I become a bore
Nagging Him to give me more.
All I mumble in the hay
Is the hope I'll see the day
Jesse Jackson says he'll run,
Followed by John Anderson.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Washington bureaucrats tend to study high rollers the same way that entomologists study spiders, with interest and at a distance. Bureaucrats are mesmerized by risk-takers, even though they shun risk for themselves. Lane Kirkland, AFL-CIO president, is the latest specimen to attract their attention by his once-and-for-all, canny or not so canny, leap into the political void, viz., the federation's unheard-of pre-primary endorsement of a presidential candidate (Walter Mondale). A lot is riding on this crapshot.

Kirkland reads numbers as well as the next man, and he realizes that the trade-union movement is shrinking badly. Thirty years ago, union members accounted for more than 35 per cent of American labor. In 1970, their strength stood at 24.7 per cent. In 1980 (the most recent year for which figures are available), it stood at 20.9 per cent—a decline of 15 per cent in that decade alone. Doing even worse than the average, the UAW was down 27 per cent since 1970, the United Steelworkers 47 per cent, the United Rubber Workers 31 per cent, the Teamsters 22 per cent.

One reason for the decline is that unions are locked into smokestack industries and have failed to move into high-tech. You won't find unions in semiconductor or software fields, or in service industries like the financial sector—all of which are growing by leaps and bounds. In addition, companies are moving to the South and Southwest, regions that are not exactly union strongholds, where many companies pay high wages with the set purpose of shutting unions out. Altogether, this means that the bulk of the membership loss will almost certainly be irretrievable.

Mr. Kirkland knows this, of course, and he has concluded that without changes in our laws that would give more clout to unions, union hemorrhaging will not be stanched. Public opinion will not save the unions: We have seen too much of union bossism, cronyism, murders, briberies, larcenies, investigations, convictions, and assorted other indelicacies.

Solution? Unite and conquer. Mr. Kirkland wants to save the trade-union movement and rejuvenate the Democrats in one stroke, by doing to the Democratic Party what unions have done to the Labour Party in Britain, i.e., laborize it. With the AFL-CIO's still-substantial membership (about 14 million) and big money, Kirkland thinks he can win Mondale the nomination. In the event of a brokered convention (which Kirkland regards as almost likely) the federation will have the clout to swing it Fritz's way, and then propel him into the Presidency, where a grateful President will urge revision of national labor law in a way that Jimmy Carter declined to do, Carter's commitment to labor having been kept at the same temperature as labor's commitment to him, namely, lukewarm. Then watch for the New Industrialization Policy (Teddy's and Felix Rohatyn's pet project), as well as public-works projects, increased unemployment-insurance benefits, and other expensive tax-paid items, while industry re-smokestacks and the nation re-socializes.

That's the jackpot scenario, which could, of course, become the bust scenario if John Glenn takes the nomination away from Fritz. Being endorsed by the AFL-CIO is no unmixed blessing for Mr. Mondale, since it deepens his image as a fawning yes-man who will outbid any rival (except Alan Cranston) for the support of special interests, even to the point of affecting trade protectionism, which so grossly contradicts Mondale's political history as to be comic. With each passing poll, moreover, John Glenn seems to be the more likely nominee, consistently scoring higher than Mondale in match-ups with President Reagan. The betting here is that the Kirkland scheme will come a cropper. Even if Fritz does get the nomination, he won't win the general election, the recovery being then so resurgent.

A final note for Mr. Reagan: The posture of big labor, with its emphases on reindustrialization and public works, is distinctly pro-male. Jobs at steel furnaces, auto assembly lines, railroads, and coal mines are bid for primarily by men, not women. The President should say, "Hey, wait a minute. I'm for letting the market work its transitions. I'm for promoting the evolution of high-productivity jobs. They are the ones that let women compete fairly with men. I don't want the government to be stacking the deck against women." Who knows? Maybe Lane Kirkland (with Teddy and Felix) will help the Gipper bridge the gender gap. As ironies go, wouldn't that be a doozy? —CATO

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the care of the KGB ever since. Though he has never been involved in the dissident movement, Meilakh, an internationally known linguist, translator, and literary scholar, did have contacts in the West, and it was this offense that attracted the attention of the KGB. Among the subversive material discovered in his apartment were books of poetry by Anna Akhmatova and Osip Mandelstam, novels by Vladimir Nabokov, and a few theology books. Citizens of the Soviet Union can sleep a lot easier now that this thug is off the streets.

■ Richard Nixon's grasp of foreign policy matched that of our ablest Presidents; next to his two successors, he looked like Alexander the Great. Nixon's latest book is *Real Peace: A Strategy for the West*, and the pre-publication view seems good. "Because of the realities of human nature, perfect peace is achieved in two places only: in the grave and at the typewriter. Real peace is a process—a continuing process for managing and containing conflict between competing nations, competing systems, and competing international ambitions. [It] is not an end to conflict but rather a means of living with conflict." The former President proceeds to outline a policy of "hard-headed détente," by which the Soviets might be simultaneously lived with and disciplined. He surveys the world's trouble spots, providing recommendations for each, some surprising. NATIONAL REVIEW will give *Real Peace* a full and critical review in due course.

■ The proliferation of conservative journals on the campuses (see Philip Marcus's article in the next issue

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of *NR*) has gone hand in hand with a proliferation of summertime activities for young conservatives. One of the most successful of these is sponsored by the Young America's Foundation (11800 Sunrise Valley Drive, #812, Reston, Va. 22091), which held its second annual week-long series of lectures and seminars in Chevy Chase, Maryland, a fortnight ago. Among the lecturers was Bruce Folsom, who led his young students through a bulky textbook, showing them how a bias in favor of collectivism had been built into it. James Gwartney lectured on tax structures; James Sabrosky, on foreign policy; and Thomas Molnar, on the philosophical background of the conservative movement from Tocqueville to the present. Mr. Molnar reports his surprise and pleasure at the intellectual maturity of the participants and at their ability to grasp and analyze complex intellectual and philosophical concepts. (To qualify for the course, a prospective student must submit an essay and proof of an active interest in conservative causes.) Kudos to the staff—president Ron Robinson, executive director Jim Taylor, and Western director Steve Wiley—for the well-run show.

■ "Covert racism, in the form of pressure for mandatory death sentences, for example, has come back into style," writes columnist Joseph Kraft. If you don't understand that sentence, well, you can try reading it again. And again.

■ According to Hilton Kramer, editor of *The New Criterion*, at the present time more poetry is being published than is being written.

■ Lost: One nuclear-freeze movement, two years old, last seen wandering near Alan Cranston's Senate office. Please return, collect, to the owner: The Kremlin, Red Square, Moscow.

■ *Question:* Can a dead man vote in a presidential election? *Answer:* Chicago, 1960. *Question:* Can a dead man run in a presidential election? *Answer:* Walter Mondale, 1984.

Target: William Clark

No doubt about it, it's William Clark's turn to put his head through the hole in the canvas while the opposition throws baseballs at it. The reason: Clark, along with Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger and UN Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, has been supporting a firm stance in Central America.

The New York Times Magazine of August 14 featured a cover story on Clark, by Steven R. Weisman, which recounts Clark's career and, while conceding his administrative skills, depicts him as sketchily educated, lacking in knowledge of foreign affairs, and, presumably for these reasons, "setting a hard line in foreign policy."

Newsweek, at about the same time, was much less demure: "Reagan's Big Stick policy was only the last straw [for Secretary of State George Shultz]. With Clark and Kirkpatrick pressing their own points of view on Central America, State has lost considerable influence over policy in that area. . . . Shultz has not been helped in the ongoing struggle by his generally bland, unassertive personality and his admittedly uncertain grasp of many key issues. Still, this may prove an opportune time for the Secretary to establish his foreign-policy primacy. Congress, too, was angered by the lack of prior consultation on the Central American maneuvers, and Clark also has drawn criticism inside the White House for failing—in the midst of the President's gender-gap problems—to include a woman on the Kissinger commission."

The *Christian Science Monitor* threw its own typically mushy editorial baseballs at the head poking through the canvas, and James Reston took up his position, again typically, as third or fourth in line, joining early, but certainly not leading the attack. You can keep your own scorecard on all this as summer turns to fall.

The assault on Clark is thus under way, earlier assaults upon Mrs. Kirkpatrick having failed because of her toughness and the unyielding support of the President. Clark can expect the fury to increase, and he should count on no honorary degrees (no problem—he doesn't accept them). It is a political assault with the clearly discernible goal of making it politically impossible to do anything serious about Communist insurgencies in Central America; and, of course, Central America is where the action is taking place right now, as the battle line has shifted from Korea to Vietnam to Chile to Angola to Rhodesia to the Persian Gulf to Nicaragua and El Salvador. Anyone present on the American campus during the past couple of decades has observed how the faculty Left mobilizes itself over these successive issues, the cast of faculty characters often remaining the same, though bringing along younger epigoni.

Mr. Clark is in fact doing, as national security advisor, exactly what President Reagan appointed him to do. He proved to be a fine chief of staff for then-Governor Reagan in Sacramento, and then as now he has shown a striking ability to be fair to competing points of view. He has been attacked for lacking an intimate knowledge of foreign affairs, but he is surrounded by people who are more than adequate in that respect, including Ambassador Kirkpatrick. Clark has earned Reagan's confidence over the years with his luminous common sense and his complete unflappability under pressure; and—not the least of his virtues—he knows who are our friends, and who are our enemies.

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I Have a Daydream

They came ostensibly to commemorate a milestone in the civil-rights movement and a major oratorical performance—the 1963 March on Washington and its emotional climax, the "I Have a Dream" speech of Martin Luther King Jr. In fact, last month's march was an anti-Reagan recital, featuring all the current melodies of the American Left.

The immediate political goal—winning the 1984 election—was constantly in sight. "We are here," said Benjamin Hooks, executive director of the NAACP, "because we are committed to the elimination of Reaganism from the face of the earth." District of Columbia Delegate Walter Fauntroy led chants of "Send them back to Hollywood!" The Reverend Jesse Jackson, in one of the day's better speeches ("Dr. King is not worried"), listed states that Reagan had carried by margins smaller than the number of unregistered blacks. Jackson, of course, has eyes on those votes himself, as a Democratic contender, or as an independent candidate. Mondale, Cranston, Hart, and Reubin Askew all showed up to work the crowd.

And who was the crowd? Blacks mainly, many of them veterans of the 1963 march. But organized labor, spearheaded by the AFL-CIO, provided as many as one-quarter of the warm bodies. The president of NOW touted the ERA. Homosexual activists had an officially sanctioned "feeder march," a fact downplayed in major media coverage. Ruben Zamora was scheduled to speak on behalf of the Salvadoran rebels, though his visa could not be cleared in time (the AFL-CIO, whose organizers in El Salvador are being murdered by Zamora's chums, apparently made no protest). And there were the disarmers: the American Friends Service Committee; a speaker representing the women at Greenham Common, who oppose American missiles in England. The farthest Left—Communists, Trotskyists, et al.—all contributed their mites.

It was a hodgepodge, but a hodgepodge with a purpose, or rather, a reason for being. The first march on Washington was concerned, in its own view of itself, with rights. It sought to redress what the marchers saw as specific violations of a general contract. To the extent that the Negro (as he was then called) may now vote and enjoy places of public resort, the contract has been fulfilled. The first march succeeded. But the momentum, so strenuously generated, carried us along. Blacks had been unequal before the law. But weren't they also unequal at the bank? (*Redistribution. Job quotas.*) Schools had been legally segregated. But what about schools that were segregated by neighborhood? (*Busing.*) The concern with rights became a quest for privilege, in which anyone else's benefit is a potential enemy, even the military budget, which is supposedly for the common defense—each MX missile takes that much money that might otherwise go to Humphrey-Hawkins. Hence all those naïve, and not-so-naïve, bleats for "peace."

King asserted in his speech twenty years ago that his dream was "deeply rooted in the American dream"; he quoted the Declaration of Independence. Much of the organized black movement, having decided that its rendezvous with America and the Founders has been disappointing, or uninteresting, is content to sink into the pool of the Left.

Hearing Voices

What lies beyond we cannot know.
  The sainted Joan heard whispered calls,
Then gave the English such a blow,
  The ancient memory still galls.
A flaming bush brought Moses word,
  And Mary knew the voice of God,
But what Ms. Honegger has heard
  Is, even for our era, odd.

W. H. VON DREELE

Acid Test for Liberals

The scientific verdict is not yet in on whether sulphur emissions from U.S. power plants are causing acid rain in northern forests and lakes. Editorialists have nonetheless been quick to denounce Congress for its inaction. One of the interesting things about this controversy is that for six years the main obstacle in the way of meaningful reform of sulphur emissions has been not utility companies but liberal members of Congress.

This seeming paradox arose because of the long-standing liberal alliance with the powerful United Mine Workers (UMW). It so happens that the UMW tends to represent workers at Eastern mines that produce "dirty" coal with a high sulphur content. Western coal, which is mostly non-union, typically has a low sulphur content. Before 1977, many Midwestern utilities responded to federal pollution standards by switching from "dirty" to "clean" coal. The UMW saw that it was losing jobs to Western competition and went to its friends in Congress for help. In 1977 they gave the union what it wanted: a complex provision requiring, in brief, that new power plants use an expensive technique called scrubbing on *all* the coal they burned, regardless of whether the coal would have met federal emission standards without scrubbing. The objective, often candidly admitted at the time, was to take away the utilities' incentive to burn clean coal so they would go back to their old suppliers. Which they have. Some experts say this reversal may actually have worsened sulphur emissions in some parts of the Midwest. At a minimum, it has ab-

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sorbed vast resources that could have been used for pollution-fighting. The Congressional Budget Office says that, compared with another plan that would bring about equal benefits in air quality, the scrubbing rule will cost an added $3.4 billion annually by the year 2000. According to calculations by economist Paul Portney in *Regulation*, that would amount to between $320,000 and $740,000 a year for each miner's job saved.

Much of the intellectual critique of the scrubbing rule has come from the liberal community itself. Bruce Ackerman, the impeccably liberal Yale law professor, has written a scathing book on the subject; economists at the Brookings Institution have lent their voice; the *Washington Post* has editorialized for reform. But liberal congressmen, notably Representative Waxman of California and Senator Metzenbaum of Ohio, continue to hold out. The issue will provide a fascinating test of whether the Democrats intend to be guided by analysis or by interest groups. Don't hold your breath.

Sex Discrimination

In the politically explosive case involving Grove City College in Pennsylvania, the legal issues are clear and will be adjudicated by the Supreme Court, but the philosophical questions and those of public policy are different and go much deeper.

The Supreme Court will presumably base its decision on its understanding of the intent of Congress when it wrote the language of Title IX of the 1972 Education Act, which stated that "no person in the United States shall, on the basis of sex, be excluded from participation in, or be denied the benefits of, or be subject to discrimination under, any education program or activity receiving federal financial assistance."

That clause contains what might be called a potentially imperial ambiguity.

Question: Does that language—"program," "activity"—mean the entire college or university, which has many programs and activities, or does it mean, much more narrowly, only the particular program or activity that receives federal funds directly?

That is, if the feds are funding a language or science program because it is deemed useful for the public weal, does that also mean that the college must field a women's basketball team if it has a men's basketball team?

Grove City College does not receive federal support for any of its programs, but some of its students receive tuition support. The Reagan Justice Department is trying to make sense out of Title IX by interpreting it narrowly. Though tuition money *does* flow into the general activities of Grove City College, argues the Justice Department, nevertheless the support should be considered as bearing only on the departments of the institution that deal with financial aid to students. This would keep the government out of the athletic office, etc.

Powerful and possibly overwhelming support is building up in Congress, however, for the proposition that *any* federal funding means a federal presence *everywhere* in the decision-making process of the school—by implication, in admissions, curriculum design, hiring and firing, room selection, ad infinitum.

The issue in the Grove City College case thus becomes a very large one—not sex discrimination, which is being pushed into the foreground politically, but the role of the Federal Government in our society. Does that role admit of any limits, once a federal penny is dropped into the till?

The Supreme Court will probably decide on the "intent of Congress," which now and in retrospect appears to have been imperial. This Court has been, on the whole, more "strict constructionist" than its predecessor, but probably not, in this case, strict constructionist enough.

Tragedy in Manila

The Philippines may never be quite the same again following the assassination of opposition leader Benigno S. Aquino Jr. as he stepped off a plane in Manila two weeks ago. Aquino had spent eight years in jail and three years in exile because of his rivalry with his erstwhile classmate, President Marcos. But though

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the two men were bitter enemies, even Marcos must have realized that Aquino as leader of the opposition was preferable to some of the men who now will be vying for that mantle. Aquino was essentially a democrat and (by Filipino standards) a moderate, the very qualities that made him such a formidable political opponent. Though he was once sentenced to death on charges of collaborating with the Communists, and though he had described himself as "a radical rich guy," the charges were almost certainly trumped up, the self-description cavalier.

Aquino in his death may yet have a greater impact on the politics of the Philippines than he had in his life. Unfortunately, the political consequences of his death are likely to be as tragic as the death itself. The politics of the Philippine archipelago, already troubled by both Communist and Moslem-separatist insurgencies, is likely to be further poisoned by Aquino's murder. Large segments of the opposition will be radicalized, and as such the ultimate beneficiaries of the murder could prove to be the New People's Army, a Communist insurgency of some seven to ten thousand armed guerrillas active in over half of the country's 72 provinces.

Salvador Laurel, one of the leaders of the democratic opposition in the Philippines, said of Aquino's death, "Even before this, we were losing many brilliant young people to the Communists." Paradoxically enough, whatever radicalization now takes place will be fed by the assumption that Marcos must have colluded in the assassination—and yet given the predictable and wholly deleterious effects it will have on his capacity to govern, it seems most improbable that Marcos would have condoned the murder. If there was a conspiracy, Marcos's enemies are the more likely perpetrators since they are the probable beneficiaries of the deed.

As for U.S. relations with the Philippines, we are now damned if we do and damned if we don't. Yet the United States cannot get away from the need to pay the closest attention to the drift of politics in this former possession. As General Arthur MacArthur, father of Douglas, testified before a Senate hearing in 1901, "Its strategic position is unexcelled by that of any other position on the globe." This fact, plus the presence on the islands of Clark Air Base and the Subic Bay Naval complex—the largest American military installations outside the U.S.—compels Washington to maintain close ties with Marcos. He may be a dictator, but he is an authoritarian, and not a totalitarian, dictator, and never did that distinction carry more weight than in this instance.

--AND SEND 500 MORE ADVISERS TO CHAD, FULLY EQUIPPED WITH 100 MORE ADVISORY TANKS, 50 ADDITIONAL ADVISORY BAZOOKAS AND 75 MORE ADVISORY ATTACK JETS--
CHARLIE DE GAU
ADVICE ANYONE?
MITTERRAND

This does not mean we must embrace Marcos, or even like him. No ally who would threaten to realign his country with the Soviet Union—as Marcos did during the recent negotiations over U.S. base rights—can be viewed as entirely honorable or reliable. Nevertheless, until a legitimate democratic opposition replaces him, he is a better man to have to deal with than any of the sundry gun-toting alternatives who now stalk the Philippine jungles.

The Gendarme of Chad

There is nothing new under the sun, and Libyan troops under the hot sun that beats down upon the desert sand of northern Chad are certainly nothing new. Libya has occupied the Aozou strip since 1973, and in 1980 some 15,000 of Qaddafi's soldiers intervened in the Chadian civil war. The only difference between now and then is that, the last time around, Qaddafi was supporting President Goukouni Oueddei against rebel Hissen Habré, while this time he is supporting rebel Goukouni against President Habré. As for the civil war, it is as old as the people of Chad themselves, long divided between the Moslem pastoralists of the northern desert and the animist farmers of the southern savanna—testimony to the irrationality of colonial borders and the negotiated artifact of African nationalism.

France, the traditional defender of order in the region, has played a farcical, two-faced role in the whole tragicomedy. President Mitterrand and the French Foreign Ministry have issued repeated denials of any intention to fight, even as French forces have been steadily built up, with the patent intent of fighting should the forces of Qaddafi and Goukouni move south. There are now more than a thousand French troops in Chad and their numbers are growing steadily. The practical result of this policy is to sanction the de facto partition of Chad. Libya and the rebels will not move south so long as France is there, but France will not move north, since deliberately picking a fight would be "unenlightened."

France's policy toward the United States has been particularly hypocritical. Paris requested that the U.S. send AWACS surveillance planes to the Sudan, then claimed that Washington was trying to create an East-West confrontation when it did so. Mitterrand denounced American "pressure" allegedly put on

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France to intervene in the conflict, then later turned around to thank the U.S. for the military intelligence provided by the AWACS planes.

Mitterrand's hypocrisy takes on semi-rational hues only when viewed in the context of French domestic politics. The basic principle of Mitterrand's political existence is to out-Gaulle the Gaullists, even while denouncing them, and since the essence of Gaullism is the perpetual declaration of independence, Mitterrand must demonstrate that he is independent of the U.S., lest he be accused of playing the role of an American proxy in Chad. Mitterrand has repeatedly said that he will not play the "gendarme of Africa" as did his predecessors, yet he is Gaullist enough to know that France's national interest demands that it not abandon North Africa to the dogs. If François does not play gendarme, the Colonel will.

Revolutions

We frequently hear these days, apropos of Central America, that the United States ought to be on the side of "revolution," since, after all, this country was born in "revolution." Comparisons between what is happening in Central America today and what happened in North America in 1776 are becoming commonplace. "As for the charge that the Sandinistas are exporting violence," wrote William Sloane Coffin recently, "isn't that a little like accusing France of starting the American Revolution?" The same sort of junk-thought can be found in the *Congressional Record* and in countless editorials and commentaries across the country.

There is a straightforward antidote to such confusion, and if the Reagan Administration stressed the point it might go a long way toward clarifying and shaping public opinion on a whole range of issues.

The word "revolution" can mean a great many things. The eighteenth-century founders of the American Republic fought a war against England for independence and, most of them, for a republican form of government. That was a revolution, but so was the very different revolution of 1688, which greatly changed the relationship between Parliament and the Crown. The French Revolution was republican in its goals, but, beset by upheaval, war, and fanaticism, it turned to the Terror. The revolutions that swept across Europe in 1848 were nationalist and often republican, but there have occurred anti-republican revolutions as well: Hitler's, Lenin's, Mao's, Castro's.

The revolutionaries in El Salvador consist of five Marxist-Leninist guerrilla groups fighting under the umbrella of the Martí National Liberation Front. Together they field an estimated five thousand guerrilla troops. The largest of the five groups, the Popular Liberation Forces, is Maoist in its doctrine and advocates a prolonged peasant guerrilla war against the government. Its founder, Salvador Cayetano Carpio, either was murdered or committed suicide in Managua earlier this year. It shows no interest in elections or in any sort of republican form of government. The other factions with guerrilla forces in the field include the Communist Party and three groups that broke away from it: the People's Revolutionary Army, the Revolutionary Party of Central American Workers, and the Armed Forces of National Resistance. Of these only the Salvadoran Communist Party has shown any interest in working within a parliamentary framework, although with the ultimate goal of replacing it with a Communist dictatorship. All five groups are vocally totalitarian in their political goals.

Now, perhaps the United States *should* be openly "on the side of revolution"—democratic revolution, that is. The other side of that coin would be that we would unequivocally oppose anti-democratic revolutions of the Hitler-Lenin-Mao sort that have caused so much agony in the twentieth century, and are causing it today in El Salvador.

The practical policies that flowed from republican principles would have to be modified by considerations of time, place, and circumstance. But the principles would remain clear. We are openly on the side of free institutions. In Nicaragua, it is Edén Pastora, known as Comandante Cero, who is now the democratic revolutionary. He had fought against the Somoza dictatorship, but he chose revolutionary opposition when the Sandinistas went totalitarian. As a democratic revolutionary, Pastora deserves our open and full support.

If the Reagan Administration proclaimed the principles outlined above as the basis for its policies in Latin America and elsewhere, it would very likely mobilize wide support for them. And such a principled stand would smoke out those who are shilling for "revolution" but who really mean Communist dictatorship.

Getting Respectable

The late William J. Baroody Sr. worried so much about the growth of government regulation and the decline of national defense that he founded a think tank to encourage conservative thought: the American Enterprise Institute. "Right-wing!" "Ultra-conservative!" retorted media sharpshooters. Nonetheless, the institute prospered. Then in 1977 former President Gerald Ford was made a Distinguished Fellow, and gradually, unmistakably, an aura of Moderate Bipartisan Consensus began to envelop the think tank.

Late last month, at an AEI-sponsored gathering of superannuated world leaders in Vail, Colorado, Ford ("a Republican," as Hobart Rowen pointedly reminded his *Washington Post* readers) told the con-

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ference that the deficit could be reduced by abandoning tax indexing: that is, by surreptitious tax increases. He "urged the Reagan Administration to curb its military buildup," Rowen added. Reagan's policies "came under consistent attack," said Terence Smith in the *New York Times.*

A bouquet of labels was tossed in the AEI's direction. "A Washington-based public-policy research organization," bubbled the *Times.* "A Washington think tank," welcomed the *Post.* Now, perhaps, there would be no more need for the AEI to duck down before media snipers. Nevertheless, Baroody might well have worried that a ceasefire could mean only one thing: surrender.

The Rosenbergs, Cont'd

We now have a fortuitous but entirely marvelous conjunction of events. On the one hand there has opened, to nervous reviews, one of those movies "based on history," in which history is rewritten for ideological reasons. The movie is called *Daniel*, and it derives from the novel *The Book of Daniel* by E. L. Doctorow, who did the screenplay as well.

It's about the Rosenberg case, although the name is changed to protect the guilty. The idea throughout is that the couple, executed thirty years ago for atomic espionage, were only idealists and fun-loving folk-music people, and of course were innocent of all serious charges.

But, ho-ho-ho, into the midst of all this fine emotion comes a damned inconvenient book by a pair of historians who just didn't get the word. The book is called *The Rosenberg File*, written by Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton.

Just as Allen Weinstein began his researches convinced that Alger Hiss was innocent, only to be persuaded otherwise by the recorded facts, so Radosh and Milton at first believed the Rosenbergs were innocent too. Poring over tens of thousands of pages made available under the Freedom of Information Act, the two authors completely changed their minds about the Rosenbergs, and they deserve high marks for integrity.

The martyr status of the Rosenbergs has been seriously diminished now, but the equivocators are making the most of FBI irregularities, the harshness of the sentence, the lesser guilt of Ethel, and so forth. Julius's legal guilt is conceded, but the moral category "traitor" has been for the most part avoided. Liberals who stressed substance over process in the Nuremberg and Eichmann trials are reordering their priorities for the Rosenbergs, giving process parity, at least, with substance. In short, even when guilt is proved, liberals see no reason for outrage against Communist traitors to this nation.

According to *The Rosenberg File*, Julius Rosenberg was an important Soviet agent. He described himself as a "soldier of Stalin." Espionage became his life, to the detriment of his ostensible legitimate business activities. He had far-flung espionage contacts and was a tireless recruiter of spies. He passed on to the Soviets not only the atomic-bomb secrets stolen from Los Alamos but secret radar designs and a stolen proximity fuse as well.

Arguments will continue about the application of the death penalty and about the extent of Ethel Rosenberg's guilt. But it seems entirely implausible that she lived in the peculiar world of Julius Rosenberg in blissful unawareness, and indeed the evidence points entirely in the opposite direction. And instead of saving herself by aiding the American investigators, she chose instead the electric chair and the abandonment of her two young children. She was a zealot to the end. Meanwhile, the American Communist Party leadership wanted the Rosenbergs dead because they knew too much and could reveal the identities of other agents, and also because they would make useful martyrs for the gullible.

Mr. Doctorow tried his best, as did movie director Sidney Lumet, but then, practically on opening night, they were bushwhacked by this damned book. It must be awful for them. But why did they try so hard?

Notes & Asides

■ Memo to: WFB
From: Rick Brookhiser

A couple of items:

1. "Terminological orderliness would suppose that if one acknowledges the category of an 'ultra-conservative Republican' one must, if only for symmetry's sake, acknowledge the category of an 'ultra-liberal Republican'—at least in the absence of an altogether arbitrary ordinance prescribing that as one moves left from the ultra-conservative position, one traverses moderate territory, then suddenly hits a stone wall—o'erleaping the 'extreme liberal' territory which, geographically, one would suppose would necessarily lie between moderate Republicanism and Democratic territory. But the area in question appears to be absolutely unoccupied. I say 'absolutely' because for years I have scanned the *New York Times* in search of just *one* 'ultra-liberal Republican.' Not only have I been unrewarded in the *Times*, I have not ever discovered, in all of America, from the mountains to the prairies to the oceans white with foam, a *single*

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'ultra-liberal.' "—*The Unmaking of a Mayor* (1966), by William F. Buckley Jr., page 76.

Now watch:

2. " 'Suzanne La Follette, an early feminist who wrote on conservative issues and was a founding editor of several magazines, including NATIONAL REVIEW, died last Saturday. . . . Miss La Follette said she saw nothing strange in her ultra-conservatism despite the liberal background of her family.' Watch out for *ultra*; it defines the writer's stance at least as much as the subject's. And what's so ultra about NATIONAL REVIEW, anyway?"—From *Winners & Sinners*, "A bulletin of second-guessing issued occasionally from the news desk of the *New York Times*," No. 416, June 10, 1983.

Rick: I think the *Times* has mellowed, don't you?

—Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Some entries for the oxymoron contest: President Mondale, President Hart, President Cranston, President Glenn, President Askew, President Hollings.

Vincent Gaitley
Lansdowne, Md.

. . . planned parenthood.

Tim Goeglein
Bloomington, Ind.

. . . short-lived forever.

Judy Thackeray
Pensacola, Fla.

. . . multinational peace-keeping force in Lebanon.

Michael Williams
USS Raleigh
FPO New York

. . . protected market.

John Navratil
Houston, Tex.

. . . single parenting.

Mrs. C. W. Eckenwiler
Tulsa, Okla.

. . . equitable progressive tax.

Paul Given
Colorado, Tex.

. . . word processor . . . gay right.

James Neely, MD
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

I confess, I was getting rather bored with all your oxymorons until, this afternoon, I bagged a rather nice one while listening to the radio: Polish justice minister.

Yours truly,
Wanda Brown
Ottawa, Ont.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

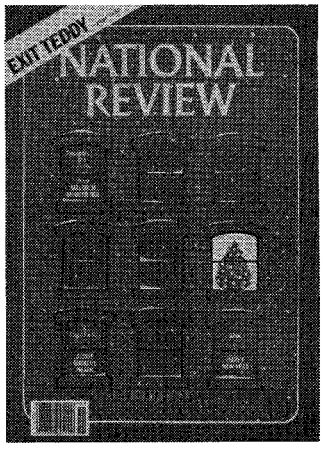
Here's another entry for your oxymoron contest: the People's Republic of China. And by the way, when is this contest over, and what's the prize I'm trying to win?

Sincerely,
Joe O'Hara
Littleton, Colo.

Dear Mr. O'Hara: No contest, no prize. On the matter of calling it quits, I think you're right. In fact, I'm convinced you're right. In fact, no more oxymorons. . . . But it was mad fun (he who oxymoronizes last, oxymoronizes best). Cordially, WFB

■ Memo to: Priscilla, Bill
From: Colleen

Our 1982 Christmas cover, "Thoughts for the Holidays," has been cited for design excellence by DESI, the Graphics Award Association. It is yet another of the many wonderful covers by the late Jim O'Bryan to be so recognized, and a fitting affirmation of his unique talent.



Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla

Shouldn't we note, in N&A, the promotion of Colleen Lawlor as art director? She had worked in the art department of a West Side advertising shop for four years before coming aboard in 1979. She was associate art director for 18 months (following Jim O'Bryan's partial retirement), and has been doing the cover work since Jimmy's retirement in May.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

If you really care about Ronald Reagan's political future you will urge all of your Republican readers (of whom there must be many) to register with the Democratic Party and vote for Alan Cranston in their respective state primaries. Think about it.

Loyally,
Malcolm A. Kline
Lebanon, Pa.

—WFB

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FROM
Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN
Straight

Saving The Recovery

CONGRESS IS still out, and during the recess it is reportedly soaking up grass-roots nervousness about real interest rates going up again (despite the drop in both Treasury bills and FHA mortgage rates since the lawmakers left town). So certain high-ranking Reagan officials fear that when Congress reconvenes, deficit phobia will reach hysteria proportions. The alleged connection between deficits and interest rates will be insisted on afresh, with the "crowding out" theory gaining in credibility—i.e., the belief that since the Treasury has to borrow some $200 billion to finance the national deficit, the government will be competing for this money with the private sector (insofar as that sector wants to borrow for capital investments), thus activating supply-and-demand dynamics and forcing up interest rates. The historical climb in interest rates during the ninth and tenth months of a recovery, plus the role of the Fed in producing the higher rates through its gentle tightening of the money supply—these components of the rise in interest rates will be conveniently ignored.

The chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors, Professor Martin Feldstein, will give academic plausibility to this thinking. He declared flat-out last month before the Senate Banking Committee: "The fundamental reason for the high level of real interest rates is the widespread expectation of large budget deficits for the remainder of the decade." Add to this the influence of people like Bob Dole, who want Mr. Reagan to hold an "economic summit" (code words for a gathering whose purpose is to decide how to raise taxes). In a word, since Congress refuses to cut spending, the cry will be to raise taxes, in order to shrink the deficit and "save the recovery."

To gauge the gravity of the interest-rate rise, we will have to wait until late September or October. The prime has gone from 10.5 per cent to 11 per cent. If it hits 12 per cent there could still be a lot of economic activity, but "you're right on the edge of a cliff," says a Reagan official. "At 12.5 per cent, you begin grinding to a halt, and at 13 per cent you've fallen off." The gravity of the situation also depends on how long the interest rates stay up: High rates through September, October, even November, would not spell disaster, provided they drop thereafter.

No one questions that chairman Paul Volcker of the Federal Reserve Board wants to keep the recovery going—no matter whether his reasons stem from its domestic desirability or the international effects if the boom busts. The question is whether he should be more concerned about keeping inflation down or pushing growth up. Thus far, the Fed has not been able to adjust the calipers sensitively enough to do both together. Volcker either brakes the supply to a screeching halt or accelerates to wide-open throttle. When it comes to fine-tuning, Volcker is a lurcher. Most Administration officials believe that his attempts at a gentle tightening this year have gone on long enough, and that what we need now is slow, steady growth in the money supply and unrestrained growth in the economy.

MARTIN FELDSTEIN is now the only Reagan official who opposes growth. As noted, Mr. Feldstein is worried about deficits and overheating. He refuses to see anything wrong with the Fed's ongoing tightening. In opposition to the President's own pro-growth thinking, in fact, Feldstein is actively encouraging Mr. Volcker to tighten more, to slow the recovery, to prevent reinflation.

Economic forecasting is certainly not Mr. Feldstein's strong suit, even though he believed it was when he arrived last September and insisted on producing his own GNP growth prediction, one that proved to be grossly and erroneously low. Now he's trying to regain credibility by insisting that although a recovery is obviously taking place now, it won't last. In fact, he says in so many words, it may well collapse.

Above all, Mr. Feldstein favors new taxes to reduce the deficit. He is more responsible than anyone for getting the Administration enmeshed in the ill-advised contingency tax scheme whereby a surtax on all income levels plus an energy tax would be activated in 1985 under certain conditions, supposedly yielding $50 billion annually. "Marty preaches taxes not only publicly, but also in private," observes a Hill insider. "He has visited with individual members of the Senate Finance Committee, and urged them to look favorably on tax increases. Marty's actually a tax proselytizer."

What makes Feldstein different from David Stockman is two things, notes another Reagan aide. "First, Dave would always do his Hill number with at least the tacit approval of Jim Baker and Dick Darman. Marty is plumping for taxes on his own. Second, Dave is a practical politician, as are Darman and Baker, and none of them is talking taxes now, with an election staring us in the face. Marty prides himself on his economic purity, uncontaminated by politics. He thinks that being a Harvard academic makes him untouchable."

As Congress returns, Mr. Reagan should do four things: 1) Resist new taxes with the same adamant determination he is now showing. New taxes now would not reduce the deficit. They would only give congressional big spenders the means to indulge their addiction. Let the Reagan recovery, spending cuts, and the veto go to work on the deficit. 2) Remind Paul Volcker of the explicit understanding with him at the time of his reappointment, viz., that any Fed disinflation measures be tied to economic resurgence. The time has come to end the tightening, even "gentle" tightening. 3) Instruct the Treasury to "front-load"—i.e., to borrow two-thirds of its $200 billion (or whatever) deficit financing between October 1, 1983 and March 31, 1984, so that when the Fed steps on the gas nobody will be crowded out, and the recovery will take off for November. 4) Either arrange for Mr. Feldstein to resume his academic career at Harvard, and thus save his tenure, or freeze him out as a non-team player.

In brief, Mr. President, regarding the recovery: Let 'er rip. □

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Trade and Defense

Expanding international trade is one of the best ways to get the economy churning in high gear again and to put people back to work.

Free trade is open, fair, and reciprocal commerce among nations, chiefly in consumer, industrial, and agricultural goods. With appropriate safeguards, it should apply as well to military products and systems.

Defense trade, of course, raises special concerns and considerations, bound up in our national security. These interests must always come first.

Even so, within proper restraints, there's room for the interplay of free-trade precepts and market forces in our relationships with other countries in the buying and selling of products for national defense. When military equipment made in the U.S. is sold abroad, jobs are sustained and created here at home. With millions out of work, America needs those jobs.

At all costs, the nation and its defense contractors must protect our military secrets. Key technologies must be preserved for our own use. We must be ultra-vigilant lest they get into the wrong hands.

Yet, at the same time, our government must guard against the indiscriminate cordoning off of military products, processes, and technologies needed by our friends and allies. Unnecessary restrictions damage the U.S. in the long run. They undermine our economic interests, job opportunities, national defense, and relations with other countries with which we share common values and maintain bonds of collective security.

Interdependence among nations is a reality of our times. America's economic well-being is linked to the economies of other lands. Our defense and security are tied to those of our friends and allies. They need our technology. We need theirs. In technology transfers, both the givers and receivers gain.

Blocking the export of technologies with real or potential military application should not be allowed to become a guise for trade protectionism.

Excessive strictures alienate our allies, anger our friends abroad, and play into the hands of our adversaries. They threaten the positive trade balance this nation enjoys in defense equipment, with all the jobs and other economic benefits such trade means for Americans.

Technology should be padlocked from export only when it is critical to national security interests and only when it is uniquely ours. It makes no sense for the U.S. to deny a friendly country products that it can readily get elsewhere, including nations that are hostile to us. The U.S. misses out on needed production and jobs, and it loses any control over use of the military equipment purchased.

In defense as well as in commercial sectors, the U.S. should hew to its decades-long dedication to free trade. Any departures from this tradition should be motivated clearly and solely by our vital security interests.

UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

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POLITICAL ECONOMY

Snickers and Food Stamps

TOM BETHELL

DESPITE THE August heat, we breathe more easily when Congress adjourns. But President Reagan didn't exactly distinguish himself as the recess began. He apologized his way back to the ranch, seemingly following an appeasement strategy mapped out for him by his lamentable advisors. They make the singular mistake of believing that if they do what the media say—be "sensitive," in short—then they will receive an ovation. Their error, and Reagan's, is to think that his "critics" do not understand him. But they do. They are hostile, not ignorant; enemies, not critics.

When Reagan tries to pre-empt criticism by claiming that he is "concerned" about hunger, "compassionate" toward the poor, "sensitive" to blacks—that is, when he debates the issues on his enemies' turf and in their terms—he should not be surprised when they respond with hollow laughter—or "snickers," as Anthony Lewis put it in the *New York Times*. Truth has got very little to do with the matter now that the members of the press have adopted a strategy of left-wing McCarthyism to oppose their foe. Reagan's enemies clearly understand that his defensiveness only legitimizes their accusations (now called "perceptions" by the press). When Reagan said he was "perplexed" and "deeply concerned" to find that there was hunger in America, Anthony Lewis replied: "The audience watching the show may be excused if it snickers now and then. For cynicism is thick on the ground." (Cynicism does not normally elicit snickers. It was Lewis himself who was being cynical.) But that is what you get for listening to advisors who think that people like Lewis are appeasable.

For public consumption, Reagan's enemies respond as follows when he claims to have been "misunderstood": At least he has the sense not to believe in his own so-called principles, but don't expect us to believe that he has now adopted ours. And Reagan's friends begin to worry that they need a more steadfast standard-bearer. It is not the cynicism of the White House that makes Anthony Lewis snicker, but rather its political ineptitude, which is almost the exact opposite.

The latest flurry of hostility and accusation has surrounded the issues of hunger and welfare. Someone in the White House decided the President would look compassionate if another task force was appointed—this one to study hunger in America. On the same day the Department of Agriculture increased its free distribution of cheese, butter, cornmeal, non-fat dry milk, and honey.

What about the food-stamp program? To read all the press reports about "draconian budget cuts," you would think that it had been completely dismembered. In fact, the federal budget shows that about $9 billion was spent on food stamps in the year Reagan was elected, while about $12 billion will be spent this year. The total number receiving stamps rose from 19 million to 22 million in the same period. So one wonders: What change was enacted in 1981 to explain the constant drumbeat of leftist (let us discard the "liberal" figleaf) hostility toward the "budget cuts"? Under the previous law, a system of "income disregards" allowed people to receive food stamps, and other benefits, depending on their circumstances, even though they were earning close to the national median income.

Jobs Plus Welfare

Income disregards permit a graduated reduction of benefits as income rises rather than a sudden cutoff as one enters the work force. Such an abrupt loss of benefits would constitute a disincentive to work. Take-home pay would probably not equal the cash value of benefits lost. So why work? Income disregards thus attempt to solve one problem, but inevitably create another. A sizable section of the work force becomes eligible for welfare. And it becomes commonplace to find workers side by side doing identical jobs, one eligible for welfare (Medicaid, mainly), the other not. In a word, inequity. The very problem that the Left now constantly grumbles about.

Budget Director David Stockman describes the problem as it existed in 1981 as follows: "The all-too-common problem of families with $14,000 incomes working and paying taxes to finance $15,000 benefit packages for non-working families represented a fundamental strain on the nation's social fabric . . . In 1981 fully 42 per cent of all dollars expended on low-income benefits went to households which, when that aid was included, had income *above 150 per cent of the poverty level*" (i.e., above $13,390).

Programs Too Generous

So the welfare rules were changed to deny eligibility a little bit sooner to those who were already working their way quite successfully up the economic ladder. Congress limited food stamps to those below 130 per cent of the poverty level. The poverty level is said to be $9,862 for a family of four in 1983. (And 130 per cent of *that* is $12,820.)

And that, gentlemen, is what all the "fairness issue" howling has been about. If you have a job, your welfare benefits now decline at a slightly more rapid rate than formerly. But if you have no job, or have opted for welfare rather than work at the entry level, then the value of welfare benefits in 1983, including food stamps, Aid to Families with Dependent Children, and Medicaid, is actually greater than it would have been under projections made by the outgoing Carter Administration.

Reagan has a point. It really is "perplexing" to find that there is hunger in America. A hungry person is presumably penniless, and penniless people are eligible for food stamps. The problem is not that income-transfer programs are insufficiently generous. (Non-defense spending, in constant 1983 dollars, went from $250 billion in 1970 to $504 billion in 1981.) The problem is that they are far too generous. Taking money from those who have earned it and giving it to those who have not places an even more destructive burden on the recipients than on the donors. Their morale and self-esteem collapse, and they grow to hate the system that treats them so compassionately yet condescendingly. □

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MR. PRESIDENT:

EL SALVADOR IS THE SYMPTOM.

SOVIET POWER IN NICARAGUA AND CUBA IS THE CAUSE.

RESTORING THE MONROE DOCTRINE IS THE SOLUTION.

AMERICA'S VITAL INTERESTS ARE ON THE LINE IN THE STRUGGLE FOR CONTROL OF CENTRAL AMERICA

The Soviet Union, since the 1962 Kennedy-Khrushchev Agreement, which ratified a continuing Soviet military presence in the Western Hemisphere, has incrementally strengthened its offensive war-waging capabilities in America's "frontyard".

(1) This year, Cuba has completed building 190 concrete, bombproof shelters for its fleet of 225 MIG Soviet-built fighter-bombers (at least 40 are nuclear capable).

(2) More than 13,000 Soviet personnel are stationed in Cuba, including a combat brigade.

(3) With increasing regularity, Soviet nuclear submarines are being serviced out of Cuba's Cienfuegos naval base. Soviet Bear bombers, operating out of Cuba, regularly skirt the edges of U.S. air space. Fifty-five important U.S cities, with 74 million people, are in range of Soviet missiles, aircraft, and subs operating off our shores.

(4) 63,000 tons of Soviet military equipment were shipped to Cuba in 1981, plus another 68,000 tons in 1982. The Soviet Union is giving 20 times more military assistance to Cuba than the U.S. is providing all Latin America.

(5) Two prime targets for the Soviets are Norfolk, Virginia (home of our Atlantic fleet) and Charleston, South Carolina (East Coast base for the nuclear missile submarine leg of our strategic defense triad). America has no defense against a Soviet strategic offensive launched from Caribbean-based submarines, airfields, or missile emplacements.

(6) Thirty-six military bases (including 2 ports and 3 big air strips) have been created in Nicaragua. Nicaragua's military buildup is unprecedented in Central America (thirty-nine percent of all males over 18 in Nicaragua are in uniform).

(7) As many as 50 Libyan and PLO advisers have been active in Nicaragua).

(8) The Soviets are preparing a huge drydock in Spain to be towed to the Nicaraguan Pacific port of San Juan del Sur, in connection with the Moscow-Managua agreement for a new trans-Isthmian canal. This could be used to justify long years of future Soviet presence required to turn over drydock functions and dig the new canal.

(9) Nicaraguan pilots are currently being trained in Bulgaria. There are over 5,000 Cuban, Russian, East German, Bulgarian, PLO and other East Bloc advisers in Nicaragua. These are now 100 times more numerous than all American military advisers in all of Central America.

(10) Soviet airbases in Nicaragua and Grenada will soon enable the Russians to dominate the airspace over Mexico, all of Central America, northern South America, and the entire eastern Caribbean.

(11) With the Communist take-over of Suriname, the Soviet MIGs will be able to reach into Central Brazil from the U.S.-built airfield in Suriname. With Suriname and Grenada as Soviet/Cuban bases in the region, it is feared that any or all of the tiny islands in the region could be easily knocked out overnight by 20 or 30 armed Cuban revolutionaries in a boat (just as Grenada was taken by the Communists in 1979).

(12) The Soviet/Cuban command have long since plotted Caribbean seabottom trench routes linking the four Sovietized countries (Grenada, Nicaragua, Cuba, Suriname) there. Along those trenches, Cuban or Russian submarines can shuttle nuclear-missile cargos undetected. So at any of the four surrogate base countries, TU-95s could be armed with sub-delivered Kangaroos at any time. Thus, with nukes inside the U.S. early-warning arc, the Kremlin can play a shell-game far more effective than the costly "racetrack" basing once considered for our MXs. The Kangaroo nuclear warheads are forty times more devastating than the Hiroshima bomb. Loaded on TU-95 Soviet bombers with a with a range of 5,100 miles, these 385-mile range Kangaroo missiles can hit targets in the United States within 5 minutes of launch.

In Vietnam, four major factors contributed to America's defeat:

(1) A policy of **gradualism** which prevented decisive application of superior U.S. force and capability.

(2) A policy of **permitting the enemy to retain privileged sanctuaries.**

(3) A **failure to enunciate a clear policy rationale,** based on the defense of America's vital interests, and

(4) A **failure to rally the American people** behind a policy of victory based on the defense of our vital interests.

It should not be the Reagan Administration's objective to institute democratic socialism in the nations of Latin America, but rather to defend the vital interests of the United States.

We cannot achieve a victory in Central America "covertly", or with less than a total effort, anymore than we were able to in Vietnam.

We therefore urge that you adopt, articulate, and seek public support for the following policies, which, in our opinion, are essential to preventing Soviet conquest of the Western Hemisphere.

(1) Share with the American people the precise terms of the 1962 Kennedy-Khrushchev Agreement and the full extent of the Soviet Union's disregard for it.

(2) Recognize and declare that the illegitimate governments of Cuba and Nicaragua are at war with the United States of America.

(3) Establish diplomatic relations with anti-Soviet alternative governments in Cuba and Nicaragua and declare that it is your policy to help install and empower these newly recognized governments.

(4) Cede Guantanamo to a duly recognized anti-Communist Cuban leadership to give them a territorial foothold on their island of Cuba.

(5) End the restrictions on Cuban exiles and harassment of their anti-Castro radio stations.

(6) Seek popular support and Congressional ratification of action to assist a newly recognized anti-Communist Nicaraguan government regain full control of its territory.

(7) Institute a naval and air blockade of Cuba and Nicaragua to stop the flow of arms and personnel to the Communists from the Soviet Union, Libya, Bulgaria, North Korea, East Germany, the PLO and other sources.

(8) Mine Cuba's harbors to help enforce the blockade.

(9) Provide for the defense of Florida and the Gulf states from attack by Soviet missiles and aircraft based in the Caribbean. Recall AWACS aircraft from Europe to help defend America.

(10) Declare your intention to fully reassert the premise of the Monroe Doctrine that the U.S. will not permit European imperialism to continue anywhere in the Western Hemisphere.

DON'T RISK AMERICAN BLOOD AND TREASURE TO SURRENDER AT THE BARGAINING TABLE WHAT IS ACHIEVED ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

NO MORE "NO WIN" WARS. DON'T FIGHT TO NEGOTIATE, FIGHT TO WIN.

MR. PRESIDENT, you are confronted with a challenge that grows more serious each day. Your failure to act courageously now may result in an unprecedented military challenge to America's independence and security. The question in the 1980's is the same as in the 1820's: Sovereign survival or subjugated submission on the installment plan. Our choice today is between the Brezhnev and the Monroe Doctrines.

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Swedes and Big Brother

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

THE WESTERN newspapers and electronic media, just now, are filled with references to the Big Stick policy, meaning that President Reagan is trying to revive Teddy Roosevelt's way of dealing with tiresome Latinos. But there is nothing in Ronald Reagan's behavior to compare with the utter contempt with which the Soviet Big Brother has been treating the Swedes.

Point One is that neutral Sweden is politically pretty useful to Moscow. The current, and former, prime minister, Olof Palme, is perhaps (along with the German Social Democrat Egon Bahr) the most useful European politician in Soviet eyes.

Palme's usefulness goes back many years. In the 1960s, as a self-styled "leader of the New Left," he went out of his way to please Moscow with his political attitudes. The climax came in 1968 when he marched arm in arm with North Vietnam's ambassador to Moscow through the streets of Stockholm; the occasion was a rally, organized by local Communists, in support of the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese. The following year, when the moderate Social Democratic prime minister, Tage Erlander, resigned, Palme took over on a wave of left-wing lobbying. Thereupon Palme encouraged anti-American mass demonstrations, leading to the withdrawal of the U.S. ambassador from Stockholm. (He got a taste of his own medicine, incidentally, when American dockworkers launched a mass demonstration against *him* when he went to Kenyon College in 1970 to be presented with an honorary PhD.)

The Palme Line

In September 1980, back in opposition during a period of (very relatively) conservative rule, Olof Palme took the chairmanship of an Independent International Commission for Disarmament and Security, which was set up in Vienna. The "Olof Palme Disarmament Commission," as it was soon dubbed, was steered by its chairman in a relentlessly pro-Soviet direction. He took the line, for instance, that the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan was due to Soviet fear of encirclement, and argued against deployment of the new U.S. nuclear weapons in Western Europe in response to the Soviet SS-20s, already deployed.

Back in power in October 1982, Premier Palme lost no time in appointing Marxists to positions of power. These included Mrs. Maj-Britt Theorin, long active in the World Peace Council (the largest Soviet international front organization), as Ambassador for Disarmament. When a Soviet submarine went aground in a Swedish top-secret military area in 1981, she had criticized the Swedish armed forces for reacting "hysterically."

This brings me to Point Two. Despite Olof Palme's proven usefulness to Soviet policy, the Soviets have been treating him with the same cynical disregard for his susceptibilities and standing as they did his (more or less) conservative predecessor, Thorbjörn Fälldin. The Fälldin government was in office when the small Whisky-class Soviet submarine ran aground in Swedish waters. The favorite quips on the Stockholm cocktail-party circuit revolved around "Whisky on the rocks."

The sub, however, was equipped with nuclear weapons, which shocked public opinion in neutral Sweden, where the idea of a Nordic nuclear-free zone had found much support. The Soviets, blandly ignoring the Swedes' official protests against this nuclear intrusion into their territorial waters, went right on sending their nuclear-armed submarines into the Baltic Sea. Between 1969 and 1983, the Norwegians recorded 226 sightings of Soviet subs in their own waters. The Danes, too, have logged such sightings. I assume the Finns have done likewise, but they, being "Finlandized," keep such statistics hidden as top secret.

Last spring, the Swedes, with Olof Palme back in office, detected Polish as well as Soviet submarines in Sweden's territorial waters. Faced with this continued disregard for normal niceties, even Olof Palme took the kind of action that non-pro-Soviet heads of government feel obliged to take in such circumstances: On April 26 of this year, he recalled Sweden's ambassador to Moscow, Baron Carl de Geer. Still anxious, however, not to cause too much offense, he approved a diplomatic formula whereby the Baron was called back "for information," not "for consultations," the latter being regarded as diplomatically tougher. A few weeks later, the Swedish ambassador was sent back to Moscow, with the problem unresolved.

The chief of the Swedish Defense Staff, Vice Admiral Bengt Schuback, thereupon took an altogether more robust line. He formally declared that the presence of Soviet submarines in Swedish waters showed that the Soviets were "preparing an attack against Sweden."

Unprotected Sweden

Frankly, I think this was an alarmist way of putting it, in the sense that I am unaware of any evidence suggesting that such an attack was being contemplated. Against this, as a hypothesis, it has to be said that an invasion and occupation of Sweden could well be the kind of *fait accompli* the expansionist Soviet Union could, in a pinch, get away with, Soviet power being overwhelming, and Sweden, as a neutral, being unprotected by the North Atlantic Treaty.

The Swedish Submarine Commission, which produced its report on April 26, the day the ambassador was recalled from Moscow, took an objective but pretty tough line and called for expansion of Sweden's submarine defenses.

In the face of all the published facts, the Soviets have taken a line that is doubly cynical. On the one hand, the Soviet press dismissed all talk of submarines as a "fabrication." On the other hand, Andropov and other Soviet leaders have made several statements indicating Soviet support for a Nordic nuclear-free zone.

The trouble is that the Soviet concept of a Nordic nuclear-free zone is that it applies to other countries in the area, but not to the USSR. (In a Stockholm television interview, General Nikolai Chervov offered to remove six Golf-class missile-carrying submarines from the Baltic. He glided over the fact that these submarines are now obsolete.) In the Kola Peninsula, the Soviets have fifty airfields and at least two bases for land-based nuclear missiles. There is no indication that the Soviets would remove any of their nuclear weapons from this area as part of a nuclear-free zone of the kind they publicly support for others. □

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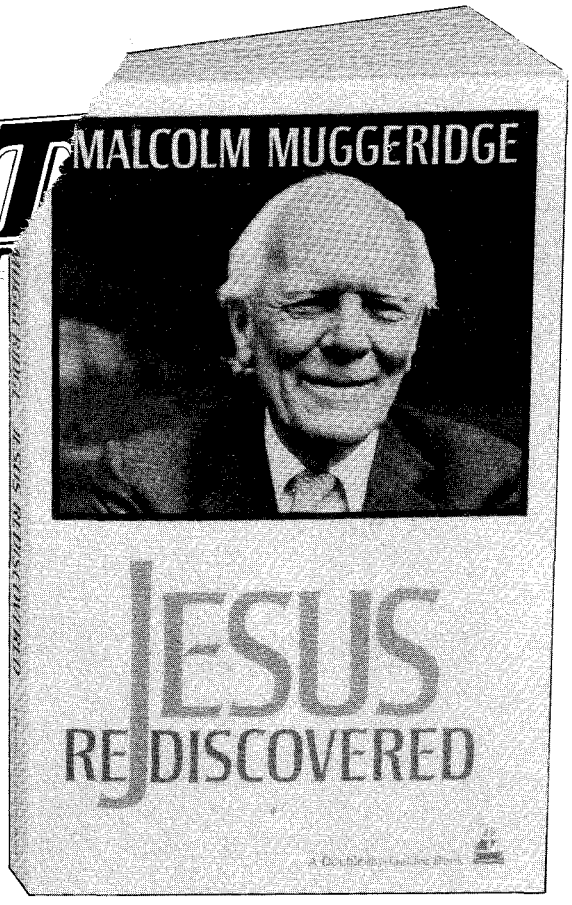

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(a book you'll never forget)

ONCE in a great while a book comes along that ps you from the opening page and remains ith you for good. That happens to be a perfect escription of *Jesus Rediscovered*, a most unusual book by the world-famous author Malcolm Muggeridge.

This isn't what you would ordinarily think of as a "religious" book at all. Far from it, in fact. Actually, it reads like an exciting novel. It's filled with marvelous examples of Muggeridge's wit and eloquence. Few if any other writers are able to make these important points with such zest and verve.

Jesus Rediscovered is not an especially large book (something over 200 pages) but it covers a lot of ground. In short order you are treated to a unique view of politics, science, technology, ethics, contemporary morality, and, of course, God and religion. On page after page you'll encounter things that will make you pause because you suddenly recognize something you have always known to be true but have never heard anyone say before. It's that kind of book—powerful stuff for an age of doubting Thomases.

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What Went Wrong in Chile

LARRY A. SJAASTAD

SINCE THE election of Salvador Allende in 1970, Chile has attracted international attention far out of proportion to its importance in world politics, the world economy, or any other relevant dimension of a nation's place in the scheme of things. Chile became a focal point of international interest from 1970 to 1973 not because it had a Marxist government—there's little novelty in that any more—but because it had a *freely elected* Marxist government, and one operating in an atmosphere of unfettered political freedom (but of economic authoritarianism, if not tyranny). The equally newsworthy government of General Augusto Pinochet reversed the polarities: Established by a military coup and controlled by a junta, that government has vigorously practiced political repression simultaneously with economic liberalism—until recently. In these dimensions at least, the contrast between the two governments could not be greater, a fact that should not be obscured by the observation that the very same segments of Chilean society that were instrumental in Allende's demise are now turning their wrath on Pinochet.

The Pinochet government has exercised power for a full decade now, and to a considerable extent it owes its longevity to Allende. Pinochet's authoritarianism, especially during the early years of his government, would probably not have been tolerated by a populace that could not rationalize it as an "excess" necessitated by the reality of the Marxist threat. By the same token, the financial and trade liberalizations of that government would, I am convinced, have been resisted by vested interests had those interests not been decimated by the economic chaos arising from Allende's total disregard (if not contempt) for the "laws" of economics.

In retrospect, it seems that a majority of Chileans have disliked Pinochet's severe political repression less than Allende's economic atrocities—his confiscations, pervasive controls, etc. (This is not, of course, to say that Chileans prefer economic to political freedom.) Allende never enjoyed broad support in Chile; he became president by winning less than three out of eight votes cast (36 per cent) in a three-way election in 1970, and there is no evidence that he would have done any better had an election been called in 1972 or 1973. Pinochet, on the other hand, came to power without the benefit of an election; but in a constitutional referendum in September 1980, his government won a decisive majority, with allegations of fraud no more serious than in a typical big-city election in the United States. One hastens to add that referendums, even constitutional referendums, obviously do not constitute the same test as presidential elections. Furthermore, in 1980 Chileans were offered the new constitution on essentially a take-it-or-leave-it basis; the choice was not between alternative constitutions. But it is also true that nothing prevented Chileans from voting no—it would not have cost them anything to do so—and thereby registering dissatisfaction with a proposal that would give Pinochet legitimate control over the Chilean government until at least 1989. Nevertheless, two out of three Chileans voted for it.

It should be noted, however, that Pinochet, wittingly or unwittingly, staged the referendum at what was the peak of his domestic popularity. Given the breadth and depth of the anti-government demonstrations that began last May, it is doubtful that, three years later, Pinochet could repeat his 1980 electoral feat. The Chilean middle class, whose opposition was crucial in humbling the Allende government in 1973 to the point where a coup became thinkable, has clearly withdrawn its support from Pinochet, and perhaps even turned against him. Without that middle-class support, it will be far more difficult for Pinochet to conduct business as usual in the future.

Nonetheless, the fact remains that over the past decade Pinochet has enjoyed a very considerable popularity within Chile, much more than the distant observer would believe on the basis of reports in the press. Of course, the support

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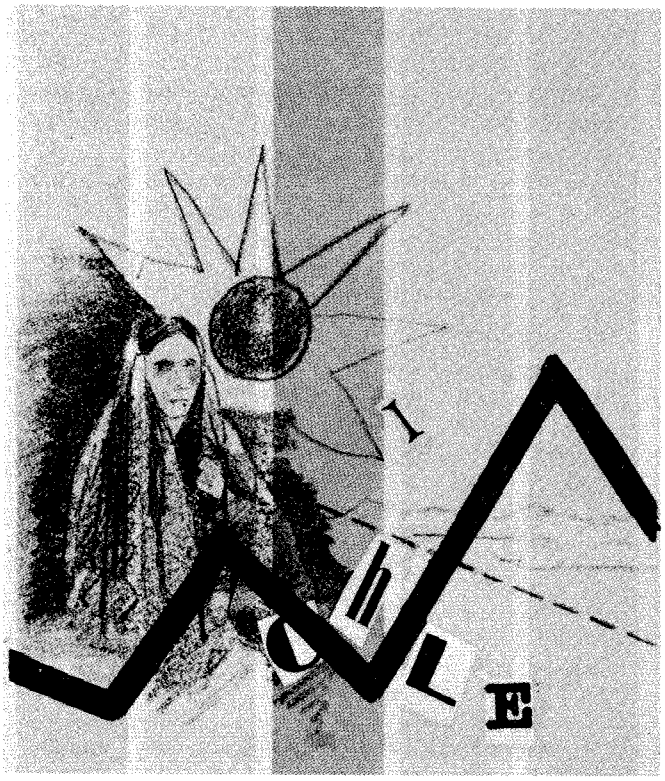
has not been unanimous: The far Left (much of it in exile) steadfastly opposed the junta from the beginning, and the Christian Democrats have been in declared opposition since 1975. The strength of the Christian Democrats as a political force is questionable, however. Not only were they humiliated by Allende in the 1970 presidential election, but also their early (and opportunistic) embrace of the Pinochet government—a one-sided courtship that cooled quickly once they realized that Pinochet was not about to step aside and let them inherit the government—has greatly tarnished their piously idealistic image. Moreover, the Christian Democrats openly led the opposition (to the extent that opposition was permitted) in the 1980 constitutional referendum campaign, with results that were, from their point of view, discouraging at best.

One cannot appeal to political factors to explain Pinochet's popularity within Chile. Whatever support he had was not owing to a full restoration of political liberties or an evolution toward respect for those civil rights widely enjoyed in the West. Nor did his sudden fall occur because of renewed political repression; indeed, on the contrary. Political repression in early 1983, while far from nonexistent, was markedly less pervasive than during the early years of the junta, and even than at the time of the 1980 referendum.

What happened, of course, was the collapse of Pinochet's so-called experiment with laissez-faire economic policy. After five years of very rapid growth, Chilean output (measured at constant prices) fell by nearly 15 per cent in 1982; taking into account foreign debt service and external terms of trade (principally the decline in the price of copper), real national income plunged even further. The unemployed amount to more than 20 per cent of the labor force; many of them have been out of work for more than a year. The severity of the current Chilean economic crisis —the term being used properly in this context—is reminiscent of the Great Depression in the United States, although not as bad as that depression was in Chile. Pinochet's Chile has fallen on hard times indeed.



One of the leading explanations for this collapse, particularly among left-of-center economists from Cambridge to Santiago, is that it is a direct (if not inevitable) consequence of the very economic liberalism symbolized by the Pinochet government. As the Chilean economic difficulties, which began in 1981, have come into conjunction with economic disasters in other countries also participating in the economic reform movement—most notably the United Kingdom, Argentina, and Uruguay—that explanation has considerable, if superficial, appeal. As an explanation, however, it is far from universal—witness the extreme economic distress in a number of countries that neither engaged in economic liberalization nor are in fact liberal in the conduct of their economic policies. Brazil, Mexico, Belgium, and France come readily to mind.

Chilean policies were liberal only with respect to what they replaced: a combination of inefficient state capitalism and pervasive government intervention

Counter-examples, of course, prove nothing. In addition, it is true that only Argentina, Uruguay, and Bolivia fell as deeply into economic depression as Chile did during the course of the 1981-82 world recession. So might not the depth of the decline have something to do with liberal economic policy after all?

It is the nature of economics that the answers are almost always "maybe," and so it is in this case. But it is still unlikely that liberalism *per se* has had any role. The simple reason is that none of the most severely depressed countries, including Chile, has achieved an extraordinary degree of economic liberalism; what in Chile is referred to as an "extreme model of a market economy" succeeded in moving Chile toward the middle of the distribution, but left it significantly less "liberal" than the United States, for example. In Argentina, the "extremist" policies of José Martínez de Hoz caused that country to become about as liberal as Yugoslavia. What one must understand is that the policies were liberal *only* with respect to what they replaced: a combination of inefficient state capitalism and pervasive government intervention in the private sector. Measured in terms of the shift within the distribution, the Chilean policies were indeed liberal, but the final position achieved by Chile must even yet inspire the envy of Mitterrand.

A brief review of the liberalization process in Chile is instructive. One would need an extraordinarily conspiratorial bent of mind to view the 1973 Chilean coup as the first logical step toward the establishment of a libertarian economic regime in that country. Apart from a vaguely worded "declaration of principles," the Pinochet govern-

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ment did not reveal, define, or otherwise articulate its long-run economic policy objectives in 1973. Until mid-1975, no systematic liberalization had taken place except for the reduction (not elimination) of price and certain interest-rate controls, a token reduction in import duties, and the return to their original owners of most firms illegally confiscated by the Allende regime.

Nevertheless, a severe recession developed in 1975 during which real output plunged by more than 10 per cent and unemployment reached nearly 20 per cent. Again, the preferred explanation for the recession was the one closest at hand—the excesses of the Allende government. The doctrine of habeas corpus prevented anyone from attributing that particular recession to economic liberalization.

Substantive economic reforms began in Chile only after economic policy had been largely placed in the hands of civilians. The benchmark for that change is 1975, when Jorge Cauas, the ambassador to the United States, returned home to assume direction of economic policy. What emerged under Cauas and his successor, Sergio de Castro, was a coherent liberalization process; although no statement of the principles guiding that process was ever formally laid down, they have been summarized recently as follows:

1. market prices to be freely determined by forces of demand and supply with state intervention limited to control of monopolistic practices;
2. full recognition of rights and responsibilities of private property;
3. unrestricted international trade, subject to relatively low duties;
4. fiscal "responsibility" coupled with a "subsidiary" role for the state in the economic sphere.

Radical principles these are not; indeed, they could readily appear in the platform of *either* major political party in the United States. That these principles generated radical reform in Chile testifies only to the extremity of the point of departure.

That the effect was radical, however, cannot be denied. For the Chilean businessman, these principles spelled the end of state paternalism (under which residual risk was assumed by the state—a process that has been initiated in the U.S. with Lockheed and Chrysler), while introducing the threat of foreign competition, a most novel development in Chile. For the consumer, they meant paying international prices for previously subsidized "necessities," but with the advantage of access to foreign suppliers. For the worker they meant that state enterprises would no longer be the "employer of last resort" and that monopoly unions could no longer count on tariff protection to preserve their privileges. For opportunistic politicians and bureaucrats, they spelled disaster, pure and simple. Only the taxpayer would benefit unambiguously from rigorous application of these principles; fortunately, by the zero-sum nature of the game, each of the above was also a taxpayer.

In practice, the principles were not infrequently violated. True, prices of most goods and services became freely determined in the marketplace and subsidies were largely eliminated (except to state enterprises). Interest rates were decontrolled and barriers to entry in the financial sector were sharply reduced; bankers were, however, severely restricted in their international transactions and were prohibited from having a net position in foreign currencies. One of the main markets—the labor market—remained regulated by the state via mandatory indexation of all wages not set by collective bargaining; workers were to be protected from a (real) wage reduction even if economic conditions so dictated—as was in fact the case in 1981-82. Private property was respected; nearly all of the firms (and farms) confiscated by Allende were returned to their original owners, though rarely intact. Also, the banks were denationalized by public sale of their shares.

Import duties were gradually reduced over a five-year period, to a uniform level of 10 per cent *ad valorem* (with few exceptions); yet ample facility for special "anti-dumping" levies was retained. The enormous (and chronic) fiscal deficits were reduced, and ultimately eliminated, by a combination of tax increases and expenditure reductions; Chile's fiscal burden, however, is certainly no less heavy than the United States'. Tax reform was extensive, including the introduction of a value-added tax (currently at a rate of 20 per cent, but with exemptions for "necessities"). The social-security system was totally revised, moving Chile gradually to a fully funded system in an effort to avoid the "great fiscal reef" toward which the U.S. and other countries are drifting. An explicit (but modest) unemployment-compensation scheme was also introduced in Chile for the first time. Fiscal priorities in public education were shifted from the universities toward primary and secondary schools.

World recession has aggravated the Chilean situation, but the evidence suggests that the Chilean recession began before the downturn in the major industrialized countries

The "subsidiary" role of the state in economic activity, although much discussed, is largely myth. True, a great number of state enterprises were sold, but the majority of those had been acquired during the Allende regime. As Daniel Wisecarver points out in the Winter 1983 *Estudios Públicos* (published by the Centro de Estudios Públicos—the quotation has been freely translated), changes with respect to the pre-Allende period were modest indeed:

> In 1970, the state controlled (totally or partially) more than ninety enterprises that encompassed all sectors of the economy; in 1981, 66 remained in the hands of the state, which includes three very large firms that did not belong to the state in 1970: Codelco (copper), CTC (telephones), and Chilectra (electricity). In 1970, public-sector enterprises employed 4.8 per cent of the labor force; in 1981, 3.4 per cent. In 1970, state enterprises satisfied 22.5 per cent of total demand in the economy; in 1981, that had fallen to 20 per cent. In 1980, the capital of the 12 most important companies of Corfo (a state-owned holding company) amounted to 60 per cent of the capital of *all* enterprises registered in the stock exchange. While the efficiency of state enterprises has improved, three companies—CAP (steel), IANSA (sugar), and LAN Chile (the state airline)—managed to lose $156 million in 1981 (nearly 1 per cent of GNP). The state, as an entrepreneur, has not been eliminated in Chile.

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Approximately 100,000 government jobs (accounting for roughly 3 per cent of the labor force) were also eliminated, but, again, most of the eliminated posts had been created during the Allende period. In short, the key dimensions of the public sector in Chile in 1983 are not radically different from what they were in 1970.

None of the above, of course, should be construed as minimizing either the intentions or the efforts of the reformers. It should be noted that the reforms that were in fact implemented were achieved with great effort and in the face of strong opposition. Occasionally, however, those reforms occurred for quite the wrong reason. The policy of "open skies," for example, which eliminated LAN Chile's effective control over landing rights in Chile, was introduced only because LAN Chile carelessly delayed delivery of an air-freight shipment destined for the civil aeronautics authority.

Despite the current recession, it is a fact that Chile prospered during the reform period. The years 1974 and 1981 are quite comparable in terms of their positions in the Chilean business cycle; the average (compound) growth rate of real output from 1974 to 1981 was 4.1 per cent per annum. Similarly, the average growth rate from 1976 through 1982 —both years of deep recession—was 4 per cent per annum. These are not spectacular growth rates, but the 1970s and early 1980s have been threadbare years for most of the world. Despite two major recessions—1975-76 and 1981-82 —Chile has had a post-1973 growth rate somewhat better than that of (non-OPEC) developing countries taken as a whole.

It is difficult, therefore, to accept the argument that Chile's recent economic collapse is rooted in economic libertarianism. Chilean economic policy is more liberal than that of the U.S. in only one or two major areas. Chilean import tariffs, even before their doubling a few months ago, were higher than the average U.S. tariff, but if quotas are included, the U.S. is clearly the more protectionist. Also, interest rates were more freely determined in Chile than in the United States. In most other areas, Chilean economic policy is at least as restrictive as U.S. policy. As the Chileans have not yet attributed the 1981-82 recession in the U.S. (and much of the rest of the world) to excessive economic liberalism, one can be forgiven some skepticism (or even cynicism) with respect to their motives in pressing that explanation for their own case.

An alternative explanation—the world recession itself—is tempting, but inadequate. Clearly the world recession has aggravated the Chilean situation, particularly through the decline in the price of copper, but the evidence suggests that the Chilean recession began before rather than after the downturn in the major industrialized countries. More likely explanations for both the timing and the depth of the Chilean recession are to be found in domestic factors.

One such factor was the real rate of interest in Chile, which rose phenomenally during late 1980 and the first months of 1981 (much as in the U.S.). By March of 1981, the real rate of interest on 30-day peso time deposits in Santiago was 35 per cent per annum, in comparison with an average level of 5.4 per cent during the boom years of 1979 and 1980. These extraordinarily high real rates of interest persisted for roughly two years and resulted in insolvency of both firms and banks on a scale not witnessed since the 1930s. As the continual rolling over of bad debts left the banks with little room to extend credit for new ventures, economic activity declined and remains stagnant. Revitalization of the financial system is the most pressing task facing Chile today.

Did the high interest rates result from the economic reforms? Not likely. First, even higher real rates of interest prevailed in Chile during 1975 and 1976 (and provoked the 1975-76 recession), well in advance of the major reforms. Second, Chilean nominal rates of interest were far above dollar interest rates despite the pegging of the peso to the dollar and a substantial inflow of dollars. Such a spread is more likely to result from regulations than from their absence.

The explanation for the sudden rise in real rates of interest in Chile during late 1980 and early 1981 lies mainly in the collapse of Chile's inflation rate. From September-October 1980 to February-March 1981, inflation, measured

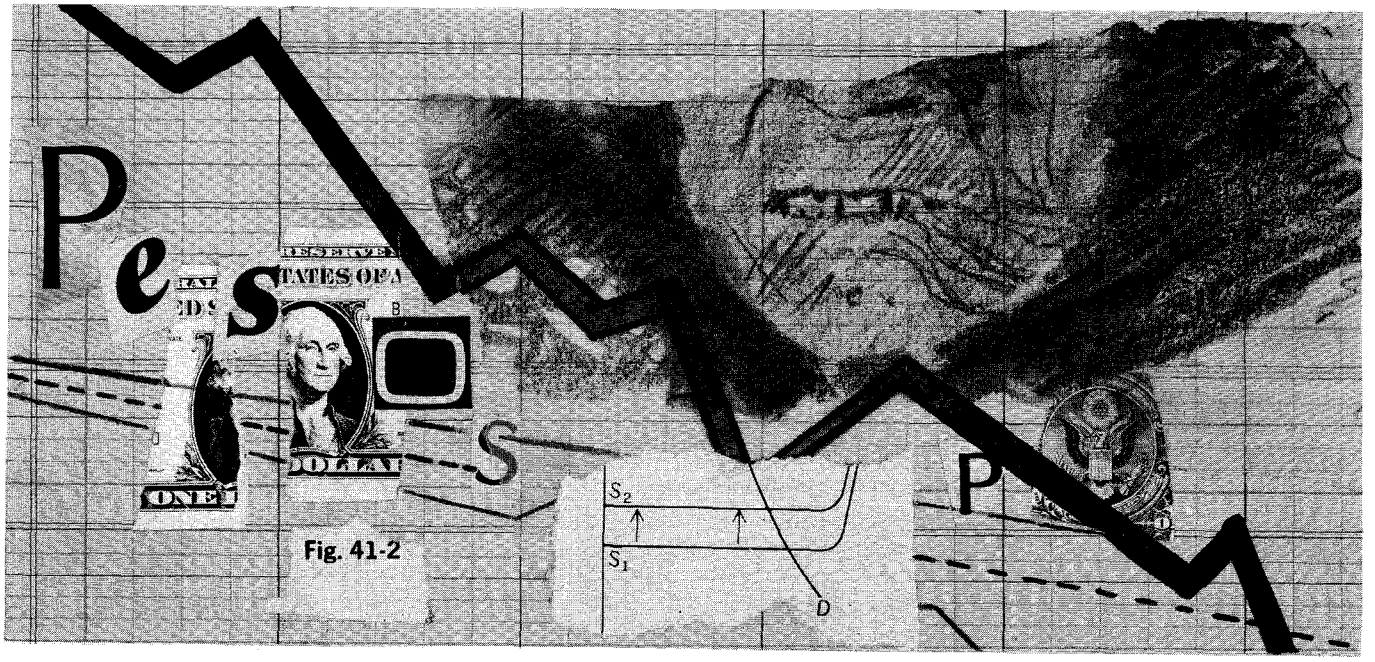

Fig. 41-2

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by the monthly rate of change in the wholesale price index, fell from an annual rate of approximately 28 per cent to minus 2 per cent. Real rates of interest rose accordingly—by thirty points.

This incredible decline in the Chilean rate of inflation coincided exactly with the recovery of the dollar against other major currencies. As is well known, an appreciation of the dollar against, say, the German mark induces a fall in the dollar price and a rise in the mark price of goods traded between the U.S. and Germany. The 30 per cent appreciation of the dollar in late 1980-early 1981 induced a sharp fall in both the level and the rate of change of the dollar prices of many commodities (the dollar price of copper fell 12 per cent from September 1980 to March 1981), transmitting a strong deflationary impulse to countries such as Chile. The resulting rise in real interest rates contracted expenditure, thereby strengthening that deflationary impulse. Chilean expenditure declined so violently in the face of the stratospheric real rates of interest that Chile's enormous trade deficit was reversed into a substantial surplus by April 1982. Shortly thereafter, the unemployment rate in Chile reached 25 per cent. The damage had been done, and the "experiment" was doomed.

Chile's recovery is likely to be a slow one. Economic recuperation can be rapid—witness the current U.S. recovery—if the financial system is healthy. Chile's is not

Chile's recovery is likely to be a slow one. Economic recuperation can be rapid—witness the current U.S. recovery —*if* the financial system is healthy; Chile's is not. Two years of exorbitant real interest rates have left the banks with very unattractive portfolios. Only as the quality of those portfolios improves will the new credit that is essential to recovery be forthcoming.

Could the destructively high real rates of interest in Chile have been avoided? Almost certainly so; but in fact the government's indifference to the matter was not finally reversed until Miguel Kast became governor of the Central Bank in April 1982. Kast's attempts to reduce peso interest rates, however, failed to allay the fears of devaluation following the cabinet change earlier that month. The resulting speculation against the peso was richly rewarded the following June with an 18 per cent "corrective" devaluation, which not only fueled anticipation of further devaluations (also handsomely rewarded) but also led to a sequence of bizarre economic-policy calisthenics reminiscent of the latter days of the Isabel Perón regime in neighboring Argentina.

Chile's problem with real interest rates was similar to Argentina's, a year and a half earlier, as well as the one currently devastating the economy of Brazil. The author witnessed the slow and relentless destruction of the Argentine economy during the second half of 1980 as real rates of interest, forced by fears of devaluation, rose to levels of 5 to 6 per cent per *month*, consuming first the capital of firms, and then that of the banks as the worthless paper was rolled over again and again. When that process began in Chile in early 1981 (for quite a different reason), the outcome was never in the slightest doubt; any remaining optimism elsewhere was shattered in January of this year when the finance minister announced the liquidation of his own bank, along with two others, and government intervention in five other major financial institutions. In a sense, Chilean liberalism had died by its own hand.

How might this outcome have been avoided? Clearly, the rise in dollar interest rates accompanying Paul Volcker's 1981-82 stabilization program for the U.S. adversely affected Chile; but a very important point is that Chilean peso interest rates, despite the fact that the peso was pegged to the dollar, systematically exceeded dollar interest rates by at least twenty points. There can be no doubt that a substantial portion of that spread resulted from a deliberate policy of prohibiting Chilean banks from engaging in international arbitrage. Other measures, such as an insured futures market for foreign exchange, could also have been adopted to reduce the perceived devaluation risk. Indeed, the Chilean government, by offering a preferential post-devaluation exchange rate for external debt service, has borne much of the cost of that insurance plan without reaping any benefits.

Chilean economic policy clearly failed in two key markets: the labor market (with the indexation policy) and the capital market. The important lesson to be drawn from that experience is that no economic system, liberal or otherwise, can function well in the face of serious errors of policy. But, of course, Chile has no monopoly in that area. It was once said in England that a 7 per cent bank rate would draw gold from the moon. Apparently there is no gold on the moon. □

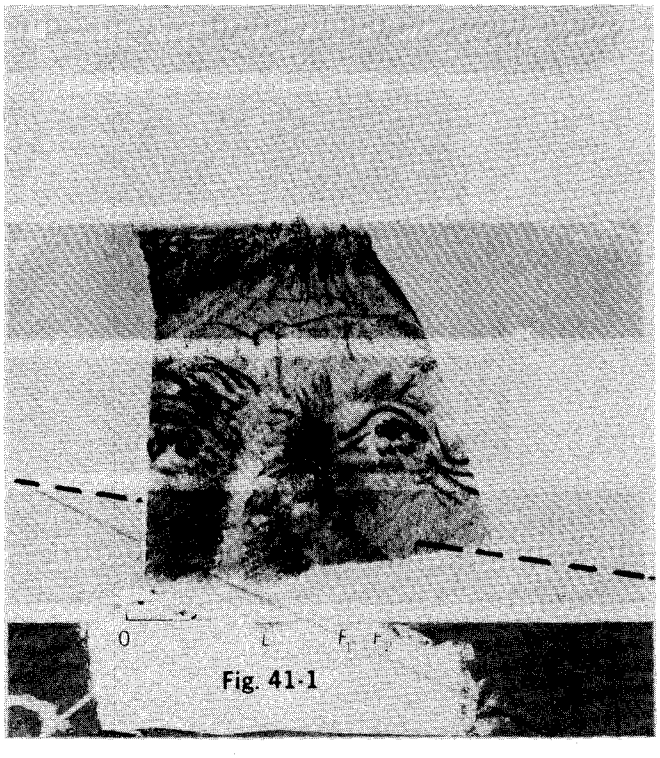

Fig. 41-1

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LETTER FROM PARIS

On Bailouts and Foie Gras

MICHAEL S. GAZZANIGA

I HAVE NEVER before *lived* in Paris. Visiting this town always charges the imagination, refreshes the aesthetic view, enhances the waistline, and fulfills worldly fantasies. Living here, even for just a few months, is more informative: One sees beneath the panache and into the French character.

Since my last visit, there have been some stylistic changes in Parisian life. The action is no longer on the Boulevards Saint-Germain and Saint-Michel; the new haunts are over at the Pompidou center and environs.

We live in the 13th arrondissement, out by the Place d'Italie, which is a bit of luck: It's in Paris and yet distant enough from the center to observe the social process. While the shops are totally French, for example, the 13th is full of minorities. There are Africans, Asiatics, West Indians, a few Americans. I notice distinct parallels with New York and am curious about the sociological changes that are taking place.

One of my French friends, a prominent and delightful Parisian intellectual, is knowledgeable about many things. At dinner one night in his fashionable apartment, I ask if French culture is likely to assimilate this appreciable increase in minorities.

What increase? he asks. His girlfriend won't let him get away with that. The minorities are everywhere, she tells him, especially in the subways. Minorities on the subways, Parisians above ground in the buses, she says; again, it sounds very much like New York.

"Well, perhaps," my friend concedes, "but there will never be a racial problem in France. Unlike America, the French school system is so organized that after the first generation, the immigrant is French. He must learn the language, the history, the mission of the French people. We have a culture to deliver to a newcomer, and we deliver it." Another dinner guest, a businessman, wonders on what cloud our host is living. The Parisian suburbs bristle with discontent. The minorities are becoming a serious political issue.

I drop the subject. The nature of human prejudice is, I am afraid, something that transcends national boundaries. If I am pink, and I am living a problem-filled life, and in walks a blue man, I will find it easier to attribute the source of my discontent to him than to others of my kind. Human prejudice will always be with us. It is manageable when the numbers are small. But when there start to be more blues than pinks, prejudice evolves into racial discrimination. France, like England, I fear, is in for some good old civil-rights problems.

But my friend is much sounder on matters like Communism. (He emigrated from Rumania many years ago.) After a long political discussion at dinner, I ask, "What would happen to France if America said, 'To hell with Europe! We simply won't defend you. If you don't want to eat borscht every night, that's your problem.' "

WELL, THE party breaks into as many opinions as there are guests. Only my friend believes that the consequences would be grave, that Paris would be in Russian hands within a year. The other views range from silly ("The Russians don't have enough troops to govern Western Europe") to anaesthetized ("Life wouldn't change much") to hilarious ("They'd leave after a month. Who can afford Paris?"). Incidentally, no one could think of an answer to the question, "Why should America save Europe?" America has so mismanaged its image over the years that no one actually believes we care about human freedom.

A few nights later it is a different scene. One of François Mitterrand's top lieutenants is present with his wife. It is said that Mitterrand can be president as long as he remains so charming. I can tell you he picks charming staff. They can barely keep a straight face when discussing their own policies. Socialism has no answers, they say themselves, only good will. A businessman offers confirmation of the first part of this statement anyway: He informs us that he has just filed for bankruptcy because the French postal service has canceled a contract with his company. His automatic letter sorter had been very effective. Too effective, it turns out. The postal service was not hiring new employees, and Mitterrand needed to create jobs. Ergo, he scraps the innovative machinery and directs the postal service to hire hand sorters instead. The postal system groans and the mails slow down. The businessman has to fire sixty workers. To do so he must first declare bankruptcy—such is French law on dismissals.

My intellectual friend had told me that France was a wonderful country because of its respect for the intellectual. "Why, any Nobel laureate can pick up the phone and be chatting with the president of the Republic within an hour." I know too many laureates to be impressed by that cultural convenience. Still, I ask Mitterrand's Jim Baker if that is true. "Oh, yes. That is quite true. But you must remember, we only have four."

"Actually," he continues with a wink, "my phone is supposed to ring when Mitterrand has an idea. It never rings."

His charm is contagious, but then, triggered by something I can not recall, he suddenly becomes nationalistic. "You know," he says, "French television is really the best. Its news reporting is of the highest quality because rather than rambling commentary, it provides extensive footage of a news scene." Now it is generally acknowledged that French television makes American television look like the BBC, but I let that go. Instead, I say, "Oh? How did they treat the Falkland story, the Exocet sinking of all those British destroyers?"

Back to charm, though it is a bit brittle now. "Actually, the French were quite pleased with that story. I think it is the only time in history the French ever had a hand in sinking a British ship."

And so it goes in the land of foie gras. There is no penetrating this good life. It is civilized, perhaps too civilized. Unless a little reality is bred into the French, we Americans should be prepared to bail them out once again. They can't help themselves. They have it too good. □

Mr. Gazzaniga is a professor of neuropsychology at the Cornell University Medical College in New York City.

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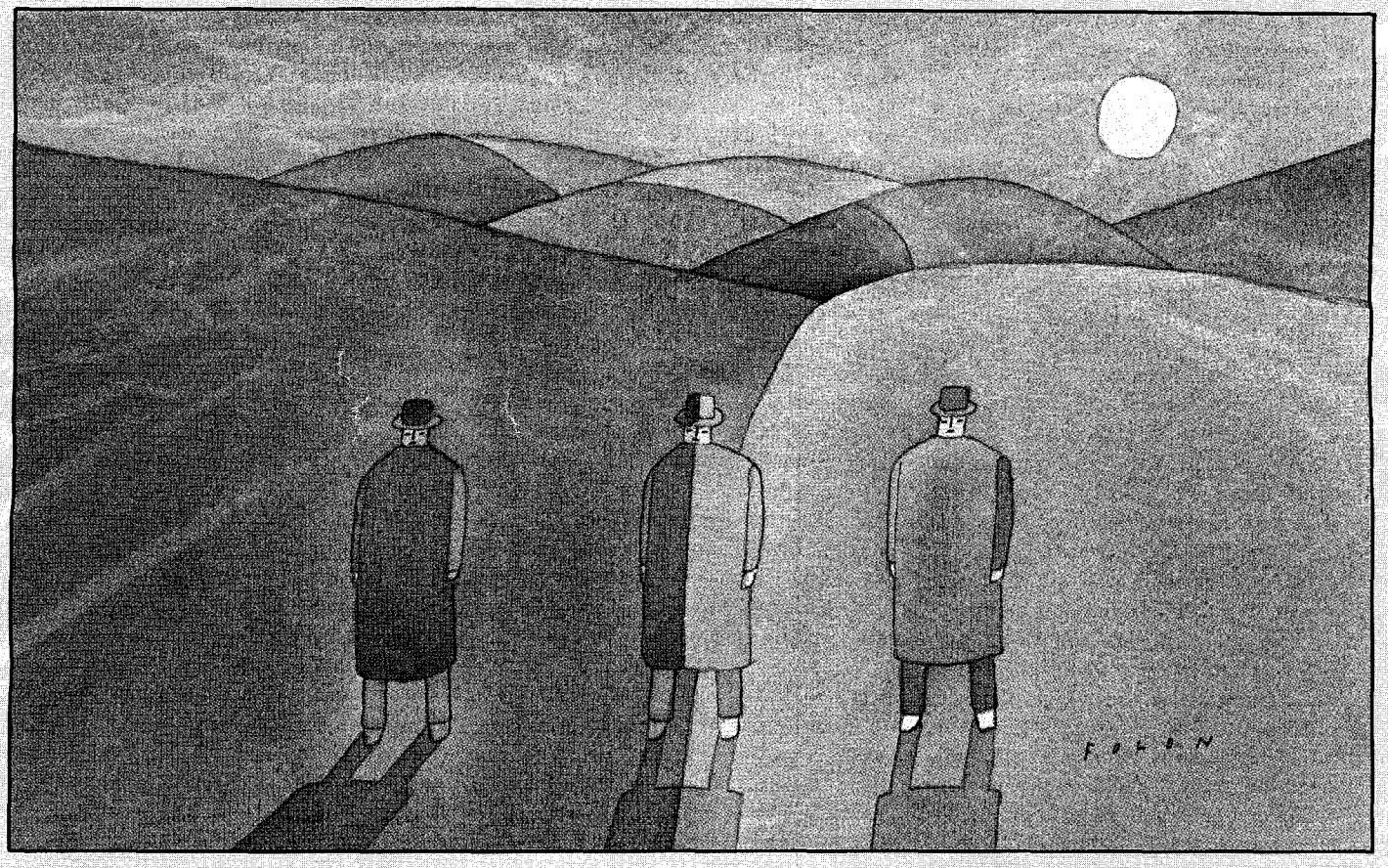
NUCLEAR ELECTRICITY
Who Stands Where



At a time of intense criticism of nuclear-generated electricity, an independent academic study found surprisingly strong support among persons considered well informed on the subject.

The study was part of a large project directed by Professors Stanley Rothman and S. Robert Lichter and sponsored by the Research Institute of International Change at Columbia University, Smith College, and the Graduate Program in Science, Technology, and Public Policy at George Washington University.

A survey of scientists

In mid-1980, little more than a year after the accident at Three Mile Island, a detailed questionnaire on energy issues was sent to a purely random sample of: (1) scientists listed in *American Men and Women of Science,* (2) scientists in energy-related disciplines, and (3) scientists in fields closely related to nuclear energy.

Asked how best to proceed with nuclear energy (see Table 1), an overwhelming majority from all groups felt that the nation should continue with the development of nuclear energy.

Table 1
VIEWS OF SCIENTISTS ON HOW TO PROCEED WITH NUCLEAR ENERGY

Random Sample	Energy Experts	Nuclear Experts	
53%	70%	92%	Proceed rapidly
36	25	8	Proceed slowly
7	4	0	Halt development
3	1	0	Dismantle plants

Most felt we should proceed rapidly.

This high level of support is echoed in Table 2, which notes positive attitudes toward the acceptability of risk posed by nuclear plants; the scientists' personal willingness to have a nuclear plant located where they live; and the scientists' confidence that enough knowledge exists to solve the scien-

Table 2
SCIENTISTS' ATTITUDES ON NUCLEAR ENERGY ISSUES

Random Sample	Energy Experts	Nuclear Experts	
65%	75%	99%	Risks acceptable
69	80	98	Willing to locate nuclear plants in their cities
75	91	100	Enough knowledge to solve nuclear problems

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tific and technical problems posed by nuclear energy.

Expanding the study

Such positive results were somewhat surprising to the researchers. They decided to expand their study. This was a time when public concern was high and the nuclear regulatory environment was toughening considerably, so the researchers wondered whether decision makers in the nuclear field would be as wary of nuclear power plants as the man in the street.

To find out, the researchers mailed questionnaires to top decision makers in seven different categories:

- the nuclear power industry
- the financial community
- the Nuclear Regulatory Commission
- other regulatory agencies involved with nuclear energy
- members of Congress who were involved with nuclear policy
- outside experts (scientists, social scientists and consultants involved with nuclear energy issues)
- groups with professed anti-nuclear views.

The results were again surprising. As Table 3 indicates, outside experts and financiers were as united in their

Table 3
POLICY PREFERENCES ON NUCLEAR DEVELOPMENT

Anti-Nuclear Groups	Industry	Financiers	NRC	Other Regulators	Congress	Outside Experts	
0%	93%	94%	65%	54%	40%	69%	Proceed rapidly
0	5	6	35	25	40	26	Proceed slowly
33	2	0	0	8	20	5	Halt development
67	0	0	0	13	0	0	Dismantle plants

support of nuclear energy development as were industry executives. The only significant opposition came from the heads of the anti-nuclear groups. A few members of Congress and some regulators also expressed opposition. (It should be noted that response from Congress was low in number.)

Table 4 reinforces the pattern. Majorities of all decision-making sectors except the anti-nuclear groups believed nuclear plants safe, the risks acceptable, the problems solvable, and they would be willing to live near a reactor.

The questionnaire also sought to learn what potential problems within the industry were considered most serious. Most of the anti-nuclear groups' leaders rated most of the problems as "very serious." None of the problems was considered that serious by a majority of the other decision makers. Only high-level waste disposal was considered very serious by a majority of persons within any of these seven groups.

The Nuclear Waste Policy Act of 1982 has addressed this problem by establishing a procedure and a timetable leading to the safe disposal of nuclear waste. The concept of burying the waste in stable geological formations deep in the earth has been endorsed by the National Academy of Sciences.

Table 4
GENERAL ATTITUDES TOWARD NUCLEAR ENERGY

Anti-Nuclear Groups	Industry	Financiers	NRC	Other Regulators	Congress	Outside Experts	
100%	2%	0%	4%	37%	25%	12%	Risks unacceptable
0	94	61	72	60	43	74	Very confident we can solve problems
100	2	0	7	28	28	5	Plants unsafe
0	97	83	94	60	53	88	Would live near reactors

What sources can we count on today?

There was more agreement when the leaders were asked which energy sources would make the greatest contributions to our needs by the year 2000. The questionnaire listed 16 possible sources ranging alphabetically from biomass to wind power. As Table 5 illustrates, most groups viewed coal as the primary energy source, followed by oil and then either natural gas, nuclear fission, or conservation. The anti-nuclear groups are the only dissenters, rating conservation as their top choice, solar heat as a major contributor and dismissing nuclear fission altogether. No other group ranks conservation higher than fourth, expects such a significant contribution from solar heat, or writes off nuclear energy altogether.

Table 5
RESOURCES THAT WILL MAKE MAJOR CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR ENERGY NEEDS

Anti-Nuclear Groups	Industry	Financiers	NRC	Other Regulators	Congress	Outside Experts	
58%	96%	78%	94%	75%	91%	95%	Coal
50	57	50	63	84	67	79	Oil
42	44	41	34	48	52	67	Natural gas
0	52	24	28	52	25	33	Nuclear fission
42	1	0	3	12	10	2	Solar heat
100	16	29	19	50	52	38	Conservation

The researchers found it especially surprising that government agencies which frequently have been critical of nuclear energy were nevertheless looking to this resource for a large contribution. In fact, the other regulators' projection precisely matched that of the nuclear power industry.

An ongoing debate

The debate continues over the risks and rewards of nuclear electricity. In the heat of the debate, it's easy to get the impression that almost everyone has turned against nuclear electricity. This study shows that such an impression would be incorrect.

All energy sources have problems—environmental, safety, reliability, cost. Perhaps someday we'll find a perfect energy source, but until then we must provide for America's energy needs with sources we can count on today.

For a full report on the surveys discussed here, send for our free brochure, "Nuclear Electricity—Who Stands Where." Just fill out this coupon and mail it to:

U.S. Committee for Energy Awareness
P.O. Box 37012
Washington, D.C. 20013

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Information about energy America can count on today

U.S. COMMITTEE FOR ENERGY AWARENESS

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YAF AT 23

All Together Again?

JEFF NELLIGAN

It was a chance to start over again, a chance to forget a year and a half of fratricide, a chance to show sponsors and members that a divided national leadership had been pulled together. The hope was that these chances wouldn't be blown.

The occasion was the 12th national Young Americans for Freedom convention, held August 3 through 6 at the Westin Bonaventure in Los Angeles, a futuristic hotel looking like a combination of sets from *Star Wars* and *The Towering Inferno*, nearly appropriate symbolism. The four-day-long session featured an abundance of panels, politicos, and platitudes, and everything from a demonstration at City Hall to a rabble-roused chant of "Neu-tron bomb! Neu-tron bomb!" at the Thursday night banquet. Yet the convention was less a showcase for its theme, "Working to Make America Great Again," than it was an examination of the leadership and the future of YAF.

YAF's leadership has been involved in a year-and-a-half-long fight that has chewed up more than $100,000 of YAF funds for legal fees, caused a virtual halt in YAF projects (including the publication of the organization's magazine, *New Guard*), and otherwise paralyzed the national office. The circumstances are complex but the battle essentially began with the firing of YAF executive director Robert Heckman in December 1981 by national chairman James Lacy and the national board of directors. Six of the ten national staffers were also let go in what has come to be known as the "Christmas Purge." From then on, YAF's upstairs problems were fought out between the Lacy and the Heckman factions.

Through the spring and summer of 1982 more national directors got involved in the battle. Then, in August, Peter Flaherty—the former director of state and chapter services, who claimed that he, like Heckman, was forced out of his job—filed suit in the state of Delaware (where YAF is listed as a nonstock corporation) against "Lacy et al." to get a temporary restraining order on a board meeting scheduled for August 28 in Seattle, Washington. The order was denied and the rift widened.

Arbitration Fails

While the case in court was being repeatedly rescheduled, former executive director Frank Donatelli was asked by YAF advisors Bill Buckley, Bill Rusher, Stan Evans, and Tom Winter to arbitrate the matter. Donatelli tried to balance the Lacy and Heckman/Flaherty factions on the 25-member board, but was unsuccessful.

Meanwhile, the turmoil continued. The most damaging and demoralizing part of the whole business was a nationally circulated paperstorm of accusations and denials generated by YAFers at all levels. YAF was slowly self-destructing.

Then in May of this year, Chancellor Grover Brown of the Court of Chancery in Wilmington, Delaware, after declaring that the YAF case was "the most sophomoric exercise that I have yet been compelled to endure in the name of disposing of legal issues," indirectly decided the remaining merits of the case.

Simply put, the Heckman/Flaherty faction lost and the Lacy faction won and remained in control of the YAF board. The date of a YAF board meeting, the dues delinquency of director Steven Some, and the place of residence of an elected regional director were the tiny hinges upon which this case—and ultimately the long, costly fight—swung; and they were all three decided in favor of the defendants. Lacy's authority (as national chairman) to set the date of a board meeting was declared valid and the date chosen by a petition nullified. Steven Some's failure to pay $3 in annual dues in June 1981 did not disqualify him as a senior director, and Lewis Doherty did not "have to be a member of the Southern Region on January 15, 1982 in order to be subsequently eligible for election from the Southern Region."

Hence, the feeling was that the national convention in Los Angeles would be the ideal—and maybe the only—op-

"You blundering idiot! *I'm* the bluebird of happiness."

Mr. Nelligan is an editorial assistant of NATIONAL REVIEW.

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portunity left to regroup, to assure the troops that the fighting had stopped, and that, finally, things at YAF were going to be better.

So what happened in the City of the Angels? A fight. Lacy and executive director Sam Pimm squared off, and their proxies—Bob Dolan and Floyd Brown, respectively—ran neck and neck for the post of national chairman. Suddenly four Heckman supporters appeared in L.A. to work for Brown—i.e., against Lacy. Then some state delegations reported difficulties in registering (read: getting voting credentials); for example, the New Jersey group (anti-Lacy) was not allowed to register on the first day of the convention, supposedly because the delegation's fees hadn't been paid—even though one of the delegates had his canceled check.

YAF on Probation

As quickly as the fight began, it ended. At the Thursday night banquet, Floyd Brown suddenly announced that he was dropping out of the race for national chairman, as did Douglas Bourdon (a Lacy supporter who had come under fire after a New Hampshire newspaper printed a reference he had made to President Reagan as a "snake-oil salesman"). Apparently, as Dolan said, he had "more numbers" than Brown. So rather than a lengthy struggle, Brown and his backer, Pimm, in perhaps the first gesture of accommodation seen by YAF in a year and a half, bowed out and got behind the "white ballot," an unopposed consensus ticket—though some people grumbled that there was nothing white about it.

A couple of bright spots at the convention were the Thursday night banquet speeches by Representative Larry McDonald (D., Ga.), Bruce Herschensohn (now a Los Angeles radio announcer, he will be remembered for his battle with Senator Fulbright while he was at the USIA in the early Seventies), White House liaison Adis Vila, and the indefatigable Bill Rusher. At a Thursday panel Martha Hesse, from the Department of Energy, and White House personnel man James Meadows gave some good, hard information not found in the press about the Reagan Administration.

But in other aspects, the convention was as rocky as the past 18 months have been. Fewer than 350 people came to this national convention, which is "less than a lot of regional meetings," one former YAFer told me. "And they all wandered off to Disneyland," he added. Many of the panels were lightly attended and there were fewer than forty YAFers and only a handful of YAF leaders at the Peace through Strength Demonstration at City Hall. HUD Secretary Samuel Pierce spoke Friday afternoon to scarcely more than sixty people, of whom half a dozen were media. YAF's convention bill came to nearly $40,000, which sounds okay if you had one of the 31st-floor wet-bar suites and a refrigerator stocked with Heineken, but not okay if you spent eight hours on a killer Greyhound bus ride to Los Angeles, like Russ McGuire of Alameda.

"YAF is on probation," says one conservative leader, meaning that the group's supporters will not tolerate a repeat of the shenanigans of the preceding year and a half. Bill Rusher says that a certain amount of internal politicking can be healthy, pointing out that we will know YAF is dead when there is none. He's right—but there is a difference between politicking and open war. Some say that a Reagan Administration and a generally conservative national mood leave YAFers few targets and nothing to do with their natural combativeness but fight among themselves.

Activism Is Alive

Worse things could have happened in L.A.—and almost did. And problems do remain. Bob Dolan, the new national chairman, admits that the organization is "way over" $300,000 in debt. Still, despite the bloodletting, the spirit of activism still lives: The following week, a crowd of YAFers received *Washington Post* and NBC news coverage while picketing the Soviet Embassy, demonstrating for the release of the adolescent Russian runaway, Andrei Berezhkov.

YAF remains one of the oldest and most visible political youth organizations in the country. "They are our brothers," a convention observer told me, speaking of a rival faction. True, but there is an unspoken warning: After too many excesses, even kin can fall from grace. □

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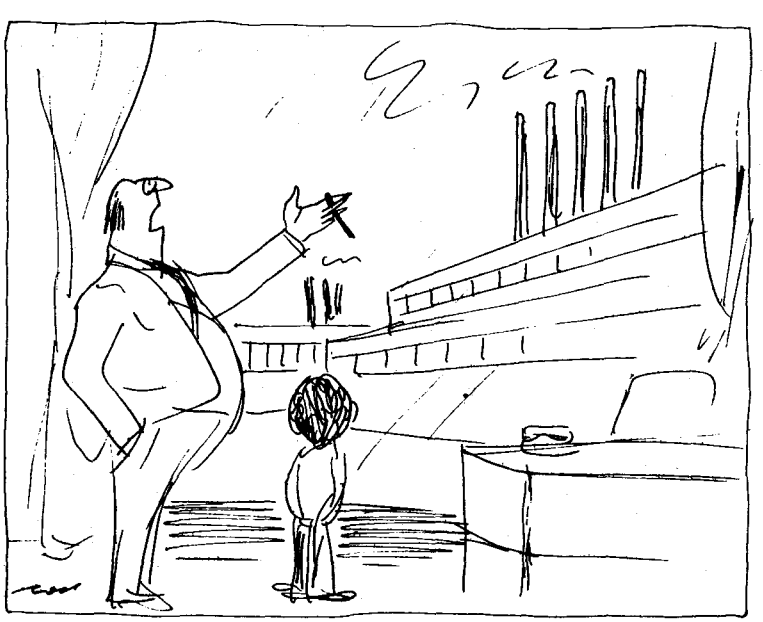

Ross

"Some day, Andrew, all this will be Uncle Sam's."

Rothco

"May I have an anti-hero sandwich?"

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What about Father Divine?

The birthdays of Franklin and Adams
  Don't make us excessively blue,
While honoring Jefferson yearly
  Has never been something we do.
But should Dr. King be so honored,
  Some cranks will look rather perplexed,
Especially when they discover
  That William Sloane Coffin is next.

W. H. von Dreele

MAIN EVENT
JIMMY THE KID CARTER VS BOMBIN' RON REAGAN
WHAT?..STILL NO WORD ABOUT A REMATCH, JODY?
JIMMY CARTER VS JERRY FORD
Chicago Tribune

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What should be done about crime? If a foreign power did to American citizens just one-tenth of what our criminals do to us every year, we would surely be at war. Let us therefore be at war against crime

Crime and Punishment

KARL SPENCE

FIFTEEN YEARS ago crime was, apart from the Vietnam War, our country's most divisive political problem. Crime was on the rise, but our political leaders and opinion-makers could not agree on why, or how much, or who was to blame, or what should or could be done about it. J. Edgar Hoover had started the controversy in the early 1960s with a series of warnings that rising crime threatened the well-being of the nation. Hoover's opponents in academia and elsewhere charged that he was crying wolf. There had been, they insisted, no substantial change in crime rates. As the decade wore on, however, it became apparent that a serious crime problem had developed and finally demanded attention.

Robbery increased sevenfold in two decades, and the transitive verb to mug entered the language. Mass murder became so common that multiple killings frequently were reported on the inside pages of the newspaper. In fact, the most horrifying aspect of this situation is the indifference with which it is now viewed by the nation. Skid-row drunks are tortured to death, young women are raped and strangled, whole families are murdered in their beds, while the rest of us go on about our business. By the fall of 1976, when an elderly couple in New York City were robbed and tortured twice in their own apartment and then hanged themselves, saying they didn't want "to live in fear anymore," very few people noticed. The slaughter and plunder of American citizens had become a basic part of the American way of life.

Still, there is no consensus as to the cause of this rise in violent, predatory crime, and, therefore, no consensus as to a solution. Suggestions range from eliminating poverty to making punishments more certain and more severe. Those alternatives unfortunately are regarded as being mutually exclusive, and it is widely held that of the two only the former is "enlightened" and morally acceptable. But we must learn to look for the suppression of crime, not as a result of social and economic progress, but as a pre-condition of it. We must also realize that eliminating poverty would eliminate crime only if a majority of criminals acted out of necessity. In fact, most commit their crimes because they choose to do so, and they must be dealt with by other than economic means.

One of the methods by which we "deal" with crime is to erect a great array of defenses, such as electronic security systems at airports and banks, neighborhood watch programs, multiple locks on apartment doors, and attempts at more comprehensive gun control. These, alas, are all stop-gap measures, aimed at symptoms only. They put the nation into a permanent state of siege and imply that the only way we can be sure that our neighbor will not attack us is to make it impossible for him to do so. This fearful distrust, so destructive to all feelings of community, is perhaps the most evil consequence of our failure to control crime.

POLICE across the nation have blamed the Supreme Court for the bulk of the crime increase, saying that the broadening of suspects' rights under the Warren Court hampered them to such an extent that an ensuing crime wave was inevitable. Many would dispute that, but it is clear that the governing image of the Warren reforms—that of the solitary and helpless individual overwhelmed by the vast resources of the state—is not reflected in current reality, in which it is the police and the courts that are being overwhelmed (despite the backtracking by the Burger Court in the last year or so). Yet no amount of reform making it easier to obtain convictions will be of any use if the resulting punishments are so light that, far from deterring others by their example, they do not dissuade even the convict himself from resuming his criminal career.

So we arrive at the need for punishment, and since we are especially concerned with violent crime, our remedy will include capital punishment. Here is the point of greatest controversy: To a sizable minority of Americans, the death penalty is one alternative that is unacceptable to a civilized society.

Mr. Spence is currently a student at Texas A&M University.

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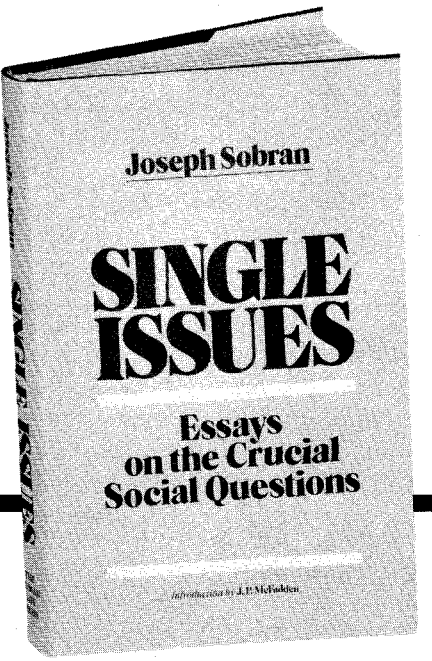

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Deaths per Year per 100,000 Population

Sectarian violence, Northern Ireland, 1968-74	8.8
German bombardment, London, 1940-45	21.7
Murder, Detroit, 1972-78	42.4
Murder, U.S.A., 1960	5.1
Murder, U.S.A., 1970	7.9
Murder, U.S.A., 1980	10.2
Murder, Canada, 1980	2.1

Many people hate the idea of executions as much as they hate those crimes for which execution has been the standard punishment. Before we pursue that course of action, then, their objections must be met.

Four basic arguments have been raised against capital punishment: 1) it is cruel and unusual and is therefore against the Constitution; 2) Christianity forbids it; 3) it is as immoral as any other reason for taking human life; and 4) it is not an effective deterrent. Let us examine each of these objections.

1. The Eighth Amendment, which forbids cruel and unusual punishments, was made part of the Constitution in 1791 by men who feared the establishment in America of certain traditional European methods of execution that were calculated to inflict maximum suffering and inspire maximum horror. Punishments such as burning, drawing and quartering, impalement, and pressing are what the phrase "cruel and unusual punishments" referred to in the minds of those who wrote, adopted, and ratified the Eighth Amendment. It obviously did *not* refer to executions *per se*: The states and the United States hanged or shot condemned men before and after the Bill of Rights was adopted.

To find that the death penalty violates the Eighth Amendment, then, is in effect to amend the Constitution by reconstruing it. James Madison held that "the sense in which the Constitution was accepted and ratified by the nation" must be "the guide in expounding it"; but the Supreme Court has not bound itself to respect Madison's views, and in fact it is well within the Court's power to declare capital punishment cruel, unusual, and unconstitutional. The current status of the death penalty is that it may not be made mandatory for any crime, nor may it be left completely to the discretion of judge or jury. Persons opposed to capital punishment, furthermore, may not for that reason be excluded from juries in trials of capital crimes. Those standards will change as the disposition of the Court changes, however, and a binding constitutional definition is needed, to put an end to years of litigation and hesitation.

2. Many of us are aware that the Sixth Commandment is correctly translated from the Hebrew as "Thou shalt not murder." We also know that the Mosaic Law provided the death penalty for murder and for many other crimes, most of which would not be considered capital offenses today. Jesus in his preaching set aside great parts of the Law, including "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." In this, however, his target was personal vindictiveness, not the idea of legal sanctions. For while we are taught to love our enemies and return good for evil, each of us can do so only on his own behalf: We cannot possibly forgive an injury done to our neighbor. The callous man, "gifted with great fortitude to bear the evils afflicting another," imagines that he forgives what in fact he condones.

For that reason, what Christianity requires of us as a society is different from what it requires of us as individuals. The criminal who received salvation on the cross said of himself and his unrepentant comrade, "We indeed [are condemned] justly; for we are receiving the due reward of our deeds." Did he have it all wrong? Plainly, Christian forgiveness is not meant to cancel the responsibility of those in authority. St. Paul wrote that government "does not bear the sword in vain," but is appointed by God "to execute His wrath on the wrongdoer." With that in mind, Jesus' dictum "All who take the sword will perish by the sword" makes clear that the death penalty for murder still stands. "Beloved, never avenge yourselves, but leave it to the wrath of God; for it is written, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, says the Lord.' " So Paul tells us, and we can see that when individuals seek to avenge murders themselves, as in the vendettas of Sicily or the Hatfield-McCoy feuds of Appalachia, the community is harmed, but when murderers are punished as the law prescribes, the community is sustained.

Christian support for the death penalty is not confined to scriptural quotations. Désiré Cardinal Mercier of Belgium, whose people had been crushed and bloodied by the armies of Kaiser Wilhelm II, had this to say on the subject in the cathedral of German-occupied Brussels on July 21, 1916:

> Whatever may be our sufferings, we must not wish to show hatred toward those who have inflicted them. Our national unity is joined with a feeling of universal brotherhood. But even this feeling of universal brotherhood is dominated by our respect for the unconditional justice without which no relationship is possible, either between individuals or between nations.
>
> And that is why, with St. Thomas Aquinas, the most authoritative teacher of

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Christian theology, we proclaim that public retribution is commendable.

Crimes, violation of justice, outrage on the public peace, whether enacted by an individual or by a group, must be repressed. Men's minds are stirred up, tortured, uneasy, as long as the guilty one is not put back in his place. . . .

Public retribution in this sense may distress the affected sentimentality of a weak nature; all the same, it is, says St. Thomas, the expression and the decree of the highest, the purest form of charity, and of the zeal which is its flame. It does not make a target of suffering, but a weapon wherewith to avenge the outrage of justice.

The British lay theologian C. S. Lewis added his voice to the debate in 1940, at Oxford:

We can rest contentedly in our sins and in our stupidities . . . but pain insists on being attended to. God whispers to us in our pleasures, speaks in our conscience, but shouts in our pains: It is His megaphone to rouse a deaf world. A bad man, happy, is a man without the least inkling that his actions do not "answer," that they are not in accord with the laws of the universe.

A perception of this truth lies at the back of the universal human feeling that bad men ought to suffer. It is no use turning up our noses at this feeling, as if it were wholly base. . . . Some enlightened people would like to banish all conceptions of retribution or desert from their theory of punishment and place its value wholly in the deterrence of others or the reform of the criminal himself. They do not see that by doing so they render all punishment unjust. What can be more immoral than to inflict suffering on me for the sake of deterring others if I do not *deserve* it? And if I do deserve it, you are admitting the claims of "retribution." And what can be more outrageous than to catch me and submit me to a disagreeable process of moral improvement without my consent, unless (once more) I *deserve* it?

Against Mercier and Lewis may be measured the assertion made by Victor H. Evjen, a knowledgeable opponent of the death penalty, in the March 1968 issue of *Lutheran Women*: "Retribution cannot be considered a legitimate goal of criminal law." That, says he, is because retribution "is repugnant to civilized man," thus claiming a unanimity of civilized opinion against the death penalty that does not exist.

3. Some believe the state may never take human life in any circumstances. Such people are called pacifists, and are accorded the status of conscientious objectors in wartime. Many others are willing to fight for their country in wartime, but still think it immoral to execute murderers. Is their view consistent? Honest soldiers and innocent civilians are the victims of war—are their lives less valuable than that of a convicted killer? If the outrages that the murderers and rapists have inflicted on us do not justify violent countermeasures, what can? The chart on page 1142 gives a sampling of twentieth-century violence. If a foreign power did to American citizens just one-tenth of what our own criminals do to us every year, we would surely be at war. Let us therefore be at war against crime.

Some say that just as it is immoral for the murderer to kill his victim, it is also immoral for the state to kill the murderer. This ignores the principle of retribution and misunderstands the purpose and the function of the law. The law exists not only to establish what is right and wrong, but also to enable us to live together as a society. If we do not go about armed and on our guard against every stranger we meet, it is *because* we are forbidden to kill, rape, rob, cheat, or otherwise victimize our neighbors. We need to protect our society against those who defy this obligation, and that is what the law does. It works, not by setting a good example, but by retaliation—of which retribution is the justified form. If "crime does not pay," it is because the criminal pays. He breaks the law, he is caught, and in accordance with his deserts he is fined, jailed, or executed. No ethical attack on the last of those sanctions can fail to strike down the first two as well, and thus to cripple the law itself. If the law does not retaliate, it does not work; society's protection is gone, and the sufferings of the innocent multiply. And that brings us to the crux of the debate.

4. If the death penalty has no deterrent value, theoretical justifications of it may frequently be overridden by the desirability of showing mercy to the convict and attempting his rehabilitation. But if executions do have deterrent value, opposition to them becomes pernicious, dooming many more people than it saves. Predictably, opponents of capital punishment approach this question of fact and come away with conclusions to fit their preconceptions. But it is here that the argument against capital punishment is weakest.

Capital Punishment

Year	Executions	Murders
1957	65	8,060
1958	49	8,220
1959	49	8,580
1960	56	9,140
1961	42	8,600
1962	47	8,400
1963	21	8,500
1964	15	9,250
1965	7	9,850
1966	1	10,920
1967	2	12,090
1968	0	13,650
1969	0	14,590
1970	0	15,810
1971	0	17,630
1972	0	18,520
1973	0	19,510
1974	0	20,600
1975	0	20,510
1976	0	18,780
1977	1	19,120
1978	0	19,560
1979	2	21,460
1980	0	23,040
1981	1	22,520

We ought to understand that the deterrence question is at present not one of proof but of possibility. Constitutional, religious, and moral standards having been met, our concern for future victims requires absolute *certainty* that crime cannot be reduced, in any degree, by executions, of whatever scope, before it will allow us to forbear proceeding *to* the proof, which is to execute murderers. Can such certainty intelligently be maintained? I suggest not.

The statistical support for the belief that executions do not deter (primarily, Thorsten Sellin's 1959 study, which covered the years 1920-1955) deals with an era in which death for murder was the exception rather than the rule, and the no-deterrence argument assumes that for humanitarian reasons such will always be the case. Declining to consider what might happen to the murder rate if executions increased, abolitionists in the mid-Sixties confidently predicted that nothing untoward would ensue if executions ceased entirely. As the chart on this page shows, their expectations were disappointed. It began

(Continues on page 1161)

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AN ELABORATION

Woods Does Not Go Far Enough

JOHN R. CASSIDY

I AM NOT so immodest as to compare myself to Albert Einstein, but I have nevertheless recently done to Bill Woods what Einstein did to Sir Isaac Newton.

It began with a short paper Woods presented in the February 18 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, in which he posited the *helen* as a unit of pulchritude. When I read this proposition, I knew in an instant that I was in the presence of one of those immutable laws of the universe, so I put on my droopy sweater and went to the blackboard.

I soon found that, despite the genius of his discovery, Woods's parameters simply are not supported by any equations I can devise. He defines the helen as the quantity sufficient to launch a thousand ships. But with "ship" one is using a unit of measurement that is itself not measured. Surely a standard unit cannot be useful if it can as easily designate a thousand frigates as a thousand 300,000-ton oil tankers.

Still, the mind intuits correctness in his postulation of the helen, however questionable his refinements. My own calculations lead me to believe that the helen should not be thought of as an energy potential, but rather as a unit of matter.

Early physicists believed the atom to be indivisible. They were wrong. The atom is now known to comprise electrons, neutrons, protons, pions, leptons, mesons, muons, quarks, and who knows how many other particles, with such attributes as charm, color, strangeness, spin, and angular momentum, to name but a few.

My investigations quickly proved that the helen is not exempt from this iron law of infinitesimals. Having established the element's place on the periodic table, I sent out a call for samples. I was happy to receive from a small lab at Smith College a sample of material answering my specifications, which I immediately took to an atomic research center to be bombarded. The curves that appeared in that bubble chamber were something no scientist had ever seen before, and with them we have begun to discover the structure of the element.

We found the nucleus of the helen to be made up of two marilyns, one raquel, one kinski, and two maes. The marilyns, the raquel, and the kinski are positively charged, but the maes have no charge, which is a surprise. This imbalance in the numbers and charges makes me suspect that there is a bo somewhere in the nucleus, but until we can peel off the outer shell of particles we may never discover it. That outer shell consists of two ginas, one diahanne, and one bardot.

None of the above-listed particles has any angular momentum whatsoever. The raquel has spin, although its chirality has not yet been established. All the particles have charm. Moreover, the presence of the free maes in the nucleus is significant, as we shall presently see.

TO BREAK UP that nucleus and get its traces in the bubble chamber we needed a powerful particle beam. I selected the liz—an obvious choice because, although the liz beam often fluctuates inexplicably, it is so potent that when it is accelerated to about thirty BEVs (billion electron volts) no nucleus can withstand it.

If you enrich a sample of ordinary helen with the correct fraction of the $^{36\text{-}24\text{-}36}$H isotope, the result is a radioestrous element that decays at a rate of one half-life per 35 years. The decay sends one free mae in a quantum jump to the next lower magnitude of energy, and the resulting excess energy is emitted in the form of one dolly. The dolly has no charge, but it has extraordinary mass that has thus defied all attempts at measurement. In view of the consistent radiation of dollies from this isotope, the presence and quantity of $^{36\text{-}24\text{-}36}$H in a given specimen of helen can easily be calculated with a dolly counter.

The enriched sample will have such an abundance of free maes that if you bring together a critical mass you get a chain reaction. To control that chain reaction I have proposed the use of slender tracts impregnated with friedans, to be introduced into the critical mass at certain intervals.

If I am right, we are on the threshold of the trojanic era. Conservatives will want bombs. It boggles the mind to think what liberals may want Washington to do with this new technology. The bishops, needless to say, will want to ban the whole thing.

The bomb itself is mind-boggling enough. Like the so-called neutron bomb, it will affect human beings, not installations. A single medium-sized warhead of, say, fifty megafems, if detonated over Moscow, would instantly reduce the male population of that city to a welter of concupiscence forever incapacitating them for anything but venery.

Our only developmental problem so far has been in finding raw helen ore rich enough in the $^{36\text{-}24\text{-}36}$H isotope to be profitably mined. As a start toward solving this problem, I prevailed upon NASA to include a dolly counter in the most recent shuttle flight, and the charts produced by this secret earth scan are now in hand. The counter detected intense radiation from Santiago, Chile, and Dallas, Texas, and located a rich deposit of great age in Paris. There are also sizable deposits in New York, Los Angeles, and many other metropolitan areas, but these deposits appear in association with such massive impurities that it may never be practical to mine them.

There was one surprising anomaly in the printout of the scan—a pinpoint blip of such intensity as to suggest a malfunction of the equipment. But succeeding orbits with back-up equipment produced the same reading, a super-potent source of pure and extremely energetic helen located in a small town in the state of Georgia, whose population is only 85. For reasons of national security, I will not divulge the name of the town, but I feel that upon completion of this report I must in all good conscience take a portable dolly counter down there to investigate. □

Mr. Cassidy is well-known, in certain scientific circles, as a keen-eyed roving reporter.

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Abroad

Buenos Aires *Hinge of Democracy*

Argentine voters will choose their own government this October for the first time since the 1976 coup, thus beginning a revival of traditional political life that could have immense repercussions throughout Latin America. Whoever wins, it will mean the end of military rule, which culminated in the disaster of the Falklands war. The return of Isabel Perón, widow of Juan Perón and last civilian president, from exile in Spain will play a decisive role in the choice of the nominee of the Peronista party, still the most powerful force in Argentina. The centrist Radical Party and other democratic groups are also vigorously preparing for the election. There has been no general assessment of the cause of the Falklands, or Malvinas, disaster. Although public opinion blames the now deposed General Galtieri for the conduct of the campaign, there is no disposition to abandon Argentina's traditional claim of sovereignty over the islands. It is, however, starting to be recognized that future attempts to assert such sovereignty will have to be carried out by peaceful negotiation with Britain. More pressing problems are the handling of the country's huge external debt, uncontrolled inflation, and the restoration of the potentially rich but unstable economy.

Peking *Pandas in Peril*

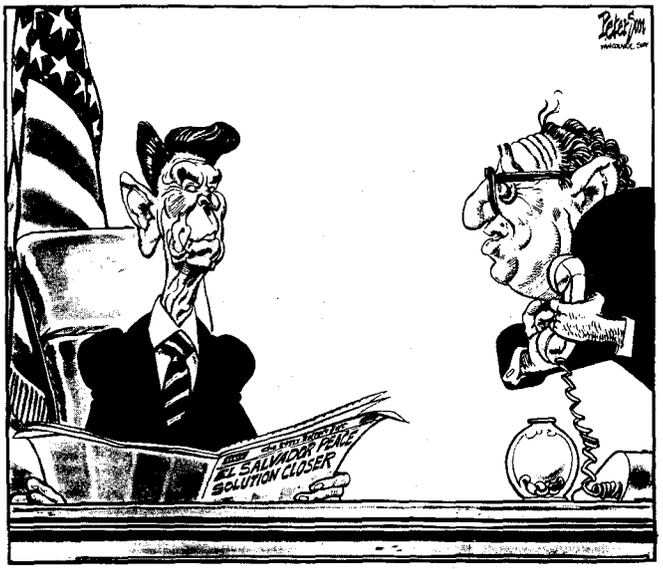
The world's surviving giant pandas, almost all of which inhabit Mainland China, are facing a new threat this year in the form of a shortage of the bamboo shoots on which they exclusively feed. The bamboo forests of Szechwan and other mountainous regions in western China have flowered and are withering, something that happens only every fifty or sixty years. Wildlife authorities here plan either to import food into the 12 reserves in which the pandas live, or else, as a last resort, move them to zoos. There are estimated to be some 1,200 pandas left living in a wild state. Meanwhile a disturbing report of the sale of panda skins has cropped up in Japan, where a collector is supposed to have bought one for $50,000 and was offered two more at a lower price. The Mainland Chinese, who have been particularly vigilant on this score, believe, however, that the skins are either fake or else very old specimens, taken before anyone worried about the survival of the animal.

Belize *Fragile*

The citizens of this newest and weakest of the Central American states are relieved that no one has so far attempted to involve them in the political crisis gripping the isthmus. But they are understandably nervous. Belize, formerly British Honduras, lies below the Yucatan Peninsula and also borders on Guatemala. It has been independent for two years and enjoys parliamentary democracy and general political freedom. This is partly due to a two-thousand-man British garrison, but also to the leadership of Prime Minister George Price, who has guided Belize's 140,000 citizens through the process of achieving independence. Price's cautious economic policies have helped preserve his small country from some of the worst of Central America's ills. The country's two main crops, sugar and bananas, do fairly well in a cut-throat world market, and considerable land redistribution has raised the number of sugar-cane plantations from 250 to four thousand. Politically, Price has so far been able to fight off the claim of the Guatemalan government to his country's entire territory, thanks in no small measure to the presence of the garrison. The Belize government is naturally anxious to maintain British protection, but rumors that the United States wants to establish a large military base near the capital of Belmopan have created some anxiety that it might overpower the fragile political and economic structure and introduce the kind of unrest El Salvador and Honduras are suffering.

Paris *Gros Rouge*

Traditional French table wine, the *gros rouge* of story and still-life, is losing its place of honor and even of use. The new generation of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen has rejected the drink of its ancestors. Adult consumption has dropped from an annual 120 liters to a mere eighty in the last twenty years, and every year in Paris, the pace-setter for taste, wine drinking goes down by 8 to 10 per cent. Significantly, the decline has not affected "good" wine that is distinguished by a regional label, or *appellation contrôlée*; and the truly fine vintages are more in demand than ever. It is that red liquid that comes in tank cars and is dispensed from spigot or bung, the strong, rough, age-old energizer of the French workingman, that is the victim. Reasons for this state of affairs are many. They include the fear of alcoholism; changes in the eating habits of the French, especially in cities where *le fast-food* is everybody's lunch; the sharp increase in the sale of fruit juices and soft drinks; and the fashion for drinking hard liquor like whisky and vodka. It is more than a sociological or health question, however, for the livelihoods of many farmers in southern and southwestern France depend on the production of table wine, as the "wine wars" with Italian and Spanish growers have recently demonstrated.



Peterson, *Vancouver Sun* Rothco

"Just in case, Bob Hope has penciled in Central America for his Christmas tour this year."

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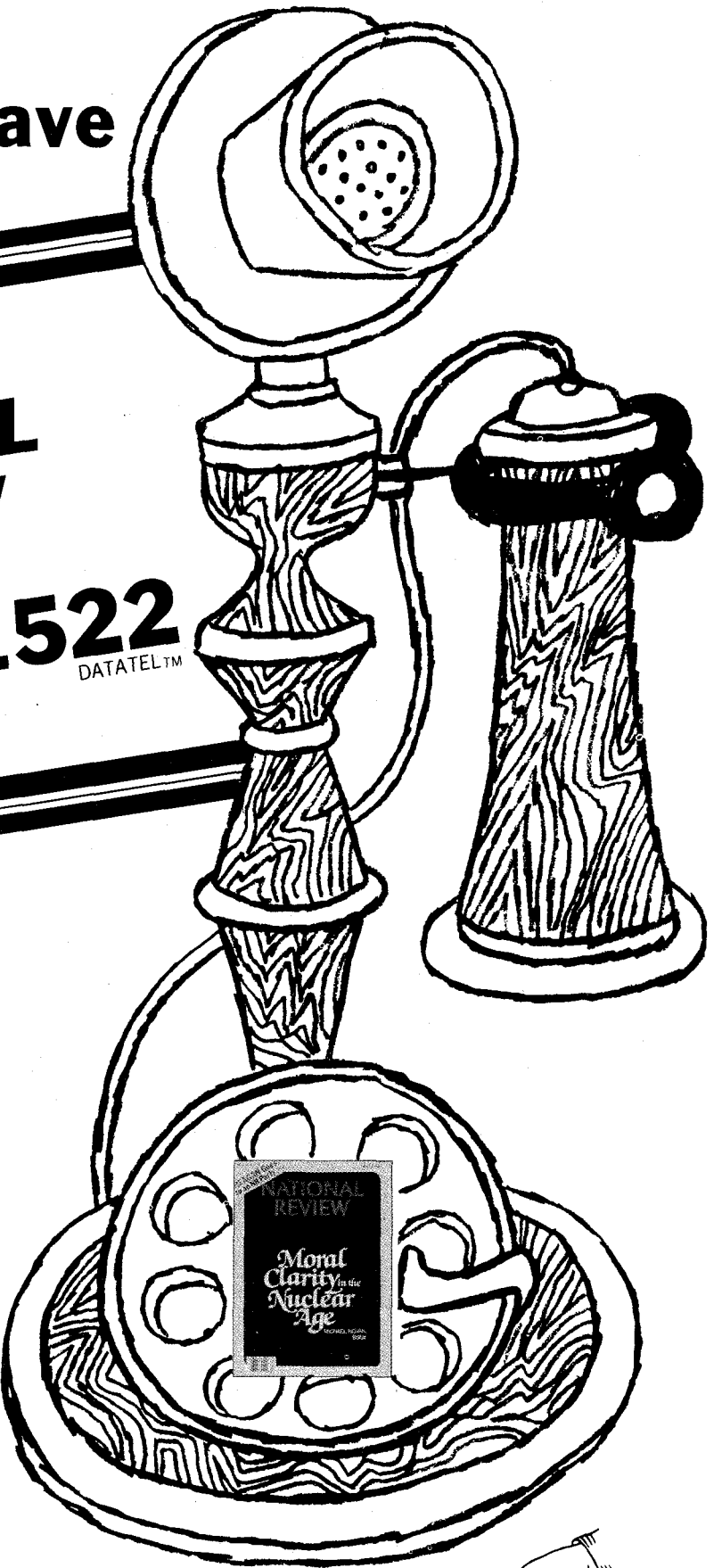

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Books Arts & Manners

Undiscovered Treasure

A Stroll with William James
By Jacques Barzun
Harper & Row, 344 pp., $19.95

MICHAEL NOVAK

Across the Neckar from the castle and cathedral of Heidelberg, high up on the hill, there is an asphalt walk overlooking the valley called "Philosophers' Way." It is metaphorically along such a path that Jacques Barzun converses with us about the philosopher with whom he has felt most compatible during his inquiring life.

Barzun began a book on James twice before, he tells us, starting the first, shorter version of the present book forty years ago, during World War II. The linguistic and other references in the final product are current; the text has its own integrity, yet it surely benefits from its long gestation. Its point of view seems far closer to the world of James—more leisurely, more (in a special sense) "civilized," more self-consciously "above" many vulgar forces at work today—than to the world of current media. This stroll recalls an admirable era.

William James was born in New York City in 1842, escaped service in the Civil War because of medical disabilities (but accepted harsh service on an anthropological expedition to the Amazon in 1865 as a kind of compensation), and after a distinguished career at Harvard and other major universities died in 1910, just before World War I put an end to the sort of world he had lived in.

Barzun's plan for the book is simple and helpful. The prologue describes Barzun's own lifelong relation to the work of James. The first chapter sketches James "the man." From then on, each chapter is an exposition of a major work or major theme of James's, with ample references to its biographical setting and subsequent history.

A rather astonishing proportion of James's work was prepared—quite carefully—as lectures to be read before the general public, not solely for philosophers. This aspect of his work yields high benefit and pleasure to inquiring minds today, even if they lack formal philosophical training. Such readers can be sure of two things. First, in his own American idiom, James re-creates many of the fundamental themes of the "perennial philosophy," along the lines of the critical realism of Aristotle and Aquinas. The complex way in which James understood "pragmatism," for example, owes more than many may suppose (or James notes) to the "practical wisdom" of Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics*. In reading James, one recapitulates much traditional wisdom.

Second, James studied in Germany in 1867, traveled in Europe extensively six or seven times, and gave the Gifford Lectures in Edinburgh in 1901-02; his books had wide influence in Europe, especially on the phenomenologists and through them the existentialists. James thus tilted European philosophy toward the philosophy of action. In this sense, a great many of his distinctions reappear, in European form, even in such writers as the current Pope, John Paul II, in his earlier philosophical works on "the acting person."

James was, in short, a seminal teacher. He cut through many speculative and abstract roadblocks with a dogged sense of what really happens every day. He brought together, as only the great and near-great philosophers do, the realm of abstract theory and daily work. The turn he gave philosophy was, in this sense, of decisive importance, especially in Europe.

At times, his concern to unite the two worlds of theory and life betrayed him linguistically. After calling his own theory of truth "pragmatism," a word of Greek origin he should have avoided, he came to see that his formulations led many readers away from the valid point he was trying to make. He was trying to show that many bright ideas we formulate do not turn out, after all, to be good ideas. In sorting out the merely bright ones from the ones we finally decide are true, we keep alert to what actually happens in reality; we test them in action; we see which ones "work."

Nervous and cerebral thinker that he was, James did *not* mean to assert that "whatever works" is true, as if power and success were the gods truth served. Quite the opposite. He wished to search out which propositions are *true*, even if neglected by the currently powerful and successful in any field. He thought it contrary to reason for anyone merely to *assert* that something is true, unless that person could show in a sequence of actions how that assertion could be borne out by accurately predicted effects. He thought of reality itself as dynamic, a series of events and actions historically always moving in complex and plural sequences. Like the "stream of consciousness," he saw nature and mankind also in a moving stream.

Americans are not wont to boast of the greatness of their philosophers. It is ironic, in particular, that so many Amer-

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Aram Bakshian Jr. *will shortly be leaving the White House, where he has been Director of Speechwriting for President Reagan. This autumn he will begin a regular column in the* Washington Times. . . . **Joe Mysak** *is Assistant Managing Editor of* The Bond Buyer. . . . **Michael Novak**'*s most recent book is* Confessions of a Catholic. . . . **Robert Royal** *works for the Ethics and Public Policy Center in Washington, D.C.*

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icans trained in the field of religion are adopted children of German philosophy, orphans of American philosophy. Yet a few lonely Catholic scholars—John J. McDermott and Robert C. Pollock, in particular—have done outstanding work on James, which Barzun makes use of. James is, however, a yet undiscovered treasure for most religious thinkers.

It is further ironic that Barzun, like so many other distinguished American philosophers of his generation, is himself tone-deaf in the matter of religion. He really doesn't match the subtlety and depth of James in the latter's own profound religious quest. This split between American philosophical intellect and American religious life plagues our culture mightily. For the American people are, by every test of fact, the most religious on this planet. Yet this aspect of our lives has been least well reported by our philosophers—at least by Barzun and most others of his eminent caliber. Once again, however, James is a treasure that a coming generation may yet appreciate.

I highly recommend this book to those who wish to stretch, exercise, and rejuvenate their minds. It is as American as baseball, hot dogs, apple pie—and the Harvard Yard of old. □

Lost in the Cosmos: The Last Self-Help Book
By Walker Percy
Farrar, 262 pp., $14.95

INVISIBLE MAN

ROBERT ROYAL

A few years ago, the eminent neurobiologist Sir John Eccles ended a lecture at Harvard by asserting courageously that evolution could account for the brain, but not for the quintessentially human things—mind, consciousness, and thought. Only something transcendent, he judged, could account for them. The Harvard students, predictably, hissed.

Closed minds in Cambridge and an odd array of other contemporary phenomena have convinced Walker Percy that our chief intellectual error and the principal cause of our modern malaise is scientism, the unscientific prejudice that knowledge consists solely in empirical observation. This method has served us well in understanding the cosmos—the physical world around us—but our human selves are unformulable by such a scheme. As persons, we are thus stranded in an alien medium, held incommunicado by a science of our own creation, and lost in the cosmos.

Percy archly describes one of the aims of this book as explaining "how it is possible for the man who designed Voyager 19, which arrived at Titania, a satellite of Uranus, three seconds off schedule and a hundred yards off course after a flight of six years, to be one of the most screwed-up creatures in California—or the cosmos." Man, the heir of the ages and now scientific lord of creation, is still no more master of himself.

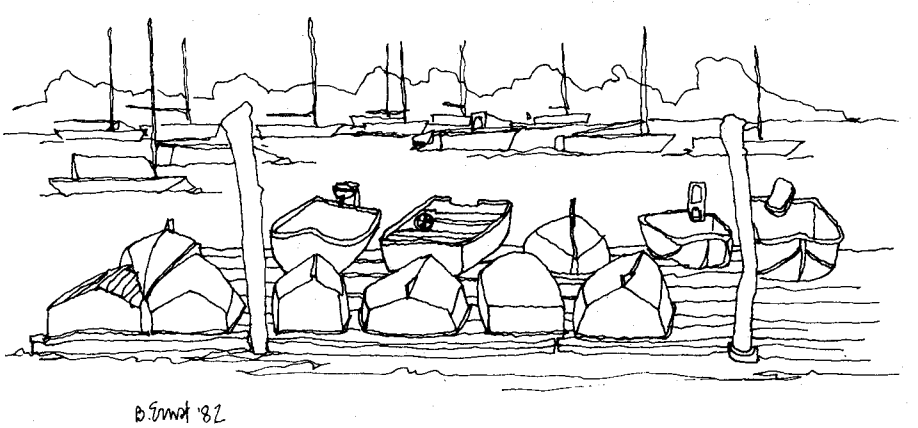
THE TITLE of this book obliquely confronts Carl Sagan, suave popularizer of science and philosophical illiterate, who once intoned seriously on his television series *Cosmos* that if we admit the existence of God we then have to ask, "Where did God come from?" Percy, as the reader of his novels will know, is a Catholic who believes that religion is the resolution of our dilemmas. But he is not happy with most of the current religious banner carriers.

The institutional churches have largely been overtaken by a self-induced torpor. In the Catholic Church, the only group with any vigor seems to be pugnacious nuns: "female Clint Eastwoods who have it in for men and who are out to get the Pope." On the Protestant side, cutting across all the traditional denominations, the action seems focused on a born-again movement led eerily by TV preachers with blow-dry hairdos.

The current version of the struggle to reconcile science and faith thus becomes a put-up job: "What is to be deplored is not Sagan's sophomoric scientism, which I think I like better than its counterpart, a sophomoric theism which attributes the wonders of the cosmos to a God who created it like a child with a cookie cutter—no, what is deplorable is that these serious issues involving God and the nature of man should be co-opted by the present disputants, a popularizer like Sagan and fundamentalists who believe God created the world six thousand years ago. It's enough to give both science and Christianity a bad name."

Percy believes that a comprehensive scientific account of man would include a recognition of how human language puts a distance between human nature and the rest of nature. He has even elaborated a semiotic theory here and in his earlier work of nonfiction, *The Message in the Bottle*, to show how this traditional concept may be recast in modern form. In Percy's terms, the physical world is an intelligible cosmos, the world of plants and animals is an environment, but the world of human beings is a *world*. A world is not like the cosmos or an environment. In the cosmos, two galaxies may collide; in a world, two ideas can also conflict. In an environment, an organism seeks its physical necessities and then rests; in a world, a human being can have all his "basic needs" met, yet be thoroughly dissatisfied. Only in a world can the Vietnam War, a Sunday doubleheader, someone's funeral, and the theory of evolution exist.

This rough outline of Percy's thesis may make *Lost in the Cosmos* seem stuffily intellectual and abstract. Instead of arguing in the dialectical manner used above, however, this book makes its point by a wicked parodying of current lunacies. Short scenarios or anecdotes are followed by questionnaires that are apparently meant to lead the reader to an overwhelming question. In the author's hands, this odd method of catechesis has much to recommend it.



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Sound quirky? It is. Also: repetitive, desultory, obsessed, exasperating, brilliant, comic, passionate, illuminating, and finally compelling. The whole is brought off with that sly humor and intellectual verve that have made the author's novels exceptional in an age of eminently forgettable fiction.

If you are a fan of Percy's novels or appreciate satire turned with consummate skill against the idols of the age, do not miss this book. Have you been waiting for revenge on that harebrained crackpot, Phil Donahue? Don't miss the section called "The Last Donahue Show" (the temptation to quote from this *tour de force* is strong, but the reader will thank me for not spoiling the reading of it for him). Have you been wondering when our intellectual iconoclasts would get around to the real wackiness: the Esalen Institutes, the Leo Buscaglias, the apologists for gay promiscuity, the sex therapists and other gurus of lust under the guise of "loving and caring commitments"? Wonder no more.

Percy sees no easy escape from our condition. The road back to sanity is a long one and the hour is late. But he has identified some of the contemporary sources of our disease and given the traditional solutions a convincing freshness. No small feat in an age in which many believe they are being liberated when all that is solid melts into air. □

RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST SEPTEMBER TITLES: *La Stupenda: A Biography of Joan Sutherland* (Hutchinson, $19.95), by Brian Adams, is the life of the critically acclaimed but perhaps over-rated soprano. . . . *My Last Sigh: The Autobiography of Luis Buñuel* (Knopf, $15.95), posthumously published, is no better than his movies.

A. J. P. Taylor's *A Personal History* (Atheneum, $14.95) is the life of the son of a Lancashire cotton merchant—born "without ambition"—who, he claims, owes his life to a chance lectureship in modern history.

■ MORE OCTOBER TITLES: *What the Moon Said* (Story Press, P.O. Box 10040, Chicago, Ill. 60610; $11.95; paper, $3.95), by Geoffrey Clark, looks to be an interesting collection of nine short stories set in western Michigan. . . . *The Facts of Life and Other Fiction* (Hamish Hamilton, $14.95), by Robert Nye, contains 16 clever but difficult tales by a poet, novelist, and writer of children's books.

Madame de Sévigné: A Life and Letters (Knopf, $22.95), by Frances Mossiker, is both biography and autobiography, the author offering her own translation of the Sévigné letters and a sympathetic treatment of Mme. de Sévigné's life, character, and milieu. . . . *Pasternak: A Biography* (Knopf, $17.95), by Ronald Hingley, is an unbalanced and, on the whole, rather unsuccessful treatment of the life of the poet and author of a single novel, *Dr. Zhivago*. . . . Richmond Lattimore, translator of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, is the author of *Continuing Conclusions: New Poems and Translations* (Louisiana, $13.95; paper, $5.95).

A Matter of Consequences (Knopf, $19.95), by B. F. Skinner, is the third and final volume in the autobiography of the psychological behaviorist.

Isaac Bashevis Singer's *The Penitent* (Farrar, $13.95) concerns a Jewish-American businessman who leaves the U.S. for Israel and finds fulfillment in the ancient orthodoxy of Jerusalem. —CW

Endless Rapture: Rape, Romance, and the Female Imagination
By Helen Hazen
Scribner's, 184 pp., $12.95

TWO CHEERS FOR RAPE

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

Helen Hazen had better watch out. At this very moment she is probably being targeted for destruction (literary if not physical) by that latter-day monstrous regiment of women, the extreme feminists. No doubt she has also distressed a lot of wimpish Alan Alda clones as well, but their bite is likely to be as feeble as their bark. What has Miss Hazen done to incur the wrath of the harridans? She has written a funny, insightful, slightly disconnected, but mostly sensible little book about the question Sigmund Freud asked but could not answer: What do women want?

One thing they seem to want, and certainly consume voraciously, is the subject of much of her book, that turgid, slushy variety of light reading known as romantic fiction. Anyone who has had to machete his way through shelves of the stuff at a bookshop, or who has observed what even the best and brightest of the female office help tend to read at lunch, is no stranger to the phenomenon.

We're dealing here not just with the syrupy costume romances of Georgette Heyer and Barbara Cartland, which seldom go much further than a kiss or a pinch (Sister Cartland once described her ideal of the erotic male figure as being "fully clothed and preferably in uniform"), but with the new wave of rawer romantic fiction that is based on real seduction, abduction, degradation, and outright rape. Rape, especially, seems to strike a deep, instinctive chord in millions of female readers, a cherished fantasy that is not confined to air-headed bits of fluff or frustrated dowds. To these millions of women, who vastly outnumber the readers of feminist novels and tracts, fictive rape, according to Miss Hazen, is a key part of "the woman's world of illusion," a "ritual of love that exists in fantasy":

> A man says to a woman that she is so desirable that he will defy all the rules of honor and decency in order to have her. I would like to be raped, but I want it to happen to me exactly as it happened to Cressida in *Vice Avenged*. I want a marquis to come to my second-story window at night with a ladder. The house should be a country mansion. I will be asleep. He will put on a mask and stuff a handkerchief in my mouth. He will carry me down the ladder and onto his horse. I will be dreadfully frightened and in my fear will only cling to him more tightly since his strength is my one antidote to that fear. We will travel across the moors to the hollow he has marked out. He will carry me to the bed of bearskin rugs and furs he has spread . . .

And, of course, there will be a romantic rape—a scary yet somehow cozy sort of rape that bears little resemblance to the real crime, committed in a real setting by a real rapist.

Whatever the reason, this sells like hotcakes to the ladies; most men ignore

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it, although I suspect that those of us willing to slog through seas of treacle could pick up a few handy tactical tips. As Miss Hazen points out:

> Today's publishing industry relies heavily on novels of romance. The purchases are all made by women, for romance novels are the only literary genre that does not attract both sexes, an interesting fact, since it hints that the rituals of love that are reaffirmed in both every romance and every reader's heart are peculiar only to women, that the mystery of the female is—all protestations aside—really not too fascinating to men.

Here is a yawning gender gap indeed—a literary genre that puts men to sleep, arouses many women, and enrages feminists. Even a harmless old she-hack like Barbara Cartland becomes, in the reddened eyes of Germaine Greer, a sinister menace, a barrier to be removed if "women's liberation movements are to accomplish anything at all."

Why is it that romantic fiction is so widely—and exclusively—popular with women, and so loathed by feminists? As to the appeal, Miss Hazen has a simple and, I believe, rather sensible explanation:

> One just cannot get around the truth that romance is more important to women than to men . . . With apologies for stating the obvious, I must say that it is the primary purpose of all animals to perpetuate themselves and it is the responsibility of the female to see to it that the job gets done. Every cell in her body is attuned to this charge, and, as with all the truly big things in her life—birth, growing up, death, . . .—intelligent beings have a need to ritualize the impulses that their cells, nerve endings, and hormones so disturbingly thrust upon them. The ritual merely lends grace to the task and disguises the enormity of its truth . . . To discredit the ritual is to deny the truth.

The feminist loathing for romantic fiction, Miss Hazen says, is a reflection of basic feminist anger. That feminists so often "deal out hatred is only to be expected. If the tie that binds one group of people to another is economic, any revolt will be aimed at the economic structure. The basic tie that binds women and men is love, and, regardless of all the other arguments that quicken the feminist cause, it is love, or the fundamental tie between men and women, that is under attack"; and she proceeds with a devastating analysis of the Adam-ribbing, naggingly aggrieved nature of most feminist fiction.

All this and more, written, thank God, by a woman, who says things I have long suspected but would never have dared publish. Sane members of both sexes owe Helen Hazen a debt of gratitude for bringing nature and common sense to bear on romantic sexuality at a time when the field was in danger of being overrun by neurotics in rebellion against their glands and consulting engineers who would reduce the whole thing to parts inventories and better living through chemistry.

On a more personal note, I was heartened to discover that the hero-seducers in Miss Hazen's favorite form of fiction generally have grey eyes and sneer a lot. The revelation has come to me rather late in life, but this means that I may have what it takes after all. Thank you, Miss Hazen, and applicants may write in care of this periodical. □

Cain: The Biography of James M. Cain
By Roy Hoopes
Holt, Rinehart, 684 pp., $25

A SIMPLE TALE

JOE MYSAK

James M. Cain is remembered today, when he is remembered at all, as the author of the novel *The Postman Always Rings Twice* and the story "Double Indemnity," both of which were translated into successful films. He was one of the chief architects of the "hard-boiled" school of writing (the other being Raymond Chandler), a master of pacing, suspense, dialogue, and character. He wrote what are called "page turners," *Saturday Review* once declaring, "No one has ever stopped in the middle of one of Jim Cain's books." His subjects included murder, adultery, homosexuality, prostitution, and incest.

Yet despite the dual attraction of his lurid subjects and his craftsmanly writing, Cain had slipped into obscurity long before his death in 1977, and very little was known of him. Hence this authorized biography, for which Roy Hoopes received cooperation, some encouragement, and cartons of letters and papers from Mr. Cain. So it should come as no surprise that Hoopes came up with exactly the kind of biography Cain wanted: a direct chronicling of the author's days, punctuated with opinions on his craft, his contemporaries, and the passing show. Critical judgment, according to Cain, should be left to posterity, and so Mr. Hoopes left it. Unlike Carlos Baker, who wrote what remains the definitive biography of Hemingway; Frank MacShane, who did the same for Raymond Chandler and John O'Hara; and even Matthew Bruccoli, in his work on F. Scott Fitzgerald, Mr. Hoopes's talents are those of the journalist, not the literary critic, and he exceeds neither his talents nor his authority.

UNFORTUNATELY, in his zeal to do right by Cain, the author sorely tries his readers. Cain's life, apart from his writing, simply does not provide enough material to carry the reader through the seven hundred pages it takes Mr. Hoopes to tell his story. (Frank MacShane, in his widely acclaimed critical biography of Chandler—perhaps the most literary member of the hard-boiled school—managed to get the job done in scarcely more than three hundred pages.) This is not to say Hoopes has written a bad book; just one that an editor might have done well by with a meat-axe.

James M. Cain was born in Maryland, son of a college president. He had a patrician, genteel childhood, and only learned how to be hard-boiled when he

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went to work as a reporter for the *Baltimore Sun*, which exposed him to the seamier side of life. He served at the front in World War I, and in the 1920s went to work for the *New York World* as an editorial writer, where he brushed up against all the leading journalistic sparks of the period, including Herbert Bayard Swope, Arthur Krock, Walter Lippmann, and Laurence Stallings. He was managing editor of *The New Yorker* for several months, before Harold Ross drove him crazy and into the arms of Hollywood, where he established himself as a screenwriter and novelist.

NOT SURPRISINGLY, he always looked back on his days as a newspaperman with pride. Although he spent 17 years in Hollywood as a screenwriter, and made more than $380,000 (at one point he was getting $2,500 a week), Cain was in fact a failure at screenwriting, only sharing credit on three films in all that time: *Algiers*, *Stand Up and Fight*, and *Gypsy Wildcat*. His fame rested instead on films adapted from his stories by other writers. (Cain films had a curious knack for reviving flagging careers, notably those of Joan Crawford, who won an Academy Award for *Mildred Pierce* in 1945; Barbara Stanwyck in *Double Indemnity*; and Lana Turner in *The Postman Always Rings Twice*.)

The story of James M. Cain in Hollywood, however, is a familiar one: He hated it, later writing, "Even working in a whorehouse, the girl has to like the work a little bit, and I could not like pictures"; and "I wanted the picture money. I worked like a dog to get it. I parked my pride, my aesthetic convictions, my mind outside on the street, and did everything to be a success in this highly paid trade. . . . The only thing I could not park was my nose."

Cain left Hollywood in 1947, when he decided to "amount to something" as a serious novelist. Yet curiously, as Hoopes notes, "whatever place James M. Cain deserves in American literature, it will be based on the books he wrote prior to 1947. He decided to amount to something at the peak of his creative life, and from then on it was downhill." When Cain attempted a long, semi-autobiographical work, *The Moth*—a "broader canvas for his talents," and something unlike anything he had ever written before—sales were poor, causing him to write later, "If you ask me, a simple tale, told briefly, is what most people really like." Nevertheless, in the thirty years of his decline, Cain could not seem to get back to that "simple tale, told briefly," that had ushered in his success in 1934 in the form of his first and probably his best novel, *The Postman Always Rings Twice*.

Of greatest interest to Cain fans will be his opinions of other writers. He looked up to Mark Twain, Ring Lardner, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. He considered Hemingway "the Matterhorn of literature." But he thought Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage* "one of the worst novels ever set on paper." Dickens revolted him, and he thought Fitzgerald's thinking "dull" and his writing "all diction, cadence, and accent"—a criticism that might well have been leveled at himself. He thought *The Great Gatsby*, which is now generally considered an almost perfect book, "claptrap," and when asked to write a screen treatment of it gave it an ending that the bounds of good taste prevent me from repeating here.

As for Cain himself, the best appraisal was probably the one penned by his good friend H. L. Mencken, for whose *American Mercury* Cain wrote a number of popular as well as professional-

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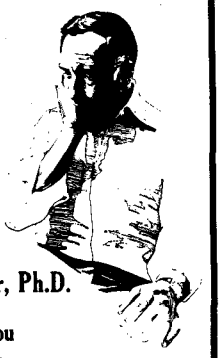

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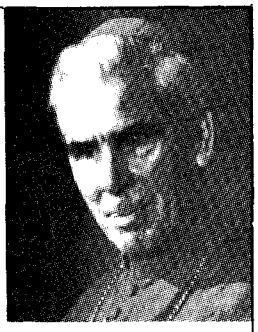

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ly satisfying essays during the 1920s. Cain, wrote Mencken, was "a man of extraordinary gifts, and at the same time sharp limitations." □

Brando for Breakfast
By Anna Kashfi Brando
and E. P. Stein
Berkley, 277 pp., paper, $2.75

THE BRANDO METHOD

JOSEPH SOBRAN

This book, published a couple of years ago, was justly ignored as a piece of trash. Little did I know, when I furtively began reading it (while munching a Whopper at a Burger King far from home), that my largely prurient interest would be rewarded by a blinding insight into the Secret of Our Age.

The former Mrs. Brando, née Anna Kashfi, writes like this: "Marlon's sexual tutti-frutti comprise several shadier flavors. Many of them, however, melt under the light of reality." Elegant, you might say.

Never mind that, or her Freudian speculations on whether Marlon's ambivalence about his fair mother caused him to prefer dark, exotic women: Indian, Polynesian, Mexican, Oriental. To understand Brando, assuming she is reasonably accurate despite her unconcealed bitterness toward him (they had one of the epic custody battles), you have to scrape away her interpretations and look at the bare facts afresh.

As a boy, Brando was uncontrollable. He was thrown out of one private school after another. But he seems to have learned, through his mother's indulgence, to manipulate people with consummate skill and the coolest nerve. His menacing acting style—for my money the most riveting ever flashed onto a movie screen—derives from the constant implicit threat to make a scene and spoil all our normal attempts to get along like good fellows. Brando makes everyone around him look like a combination of Neville Chamberlain and Cyrus Vance.

Evidently he carried this style into his adult life. His sulks and tantrums have disrupted several film productions, notably *Mutiny on the Bounty*, at a cost of tens of millions of dollars. Yet he has used a Method in his madness, skillfully inducing a well-heeled part of the world to continue crawling to him, while the price of his services has risen to as much as $3.5 million for three weeks' work (in *Apocalypse Now*).

Despite the public identification of Brando with the torn T-shirt, he has contrived to live rather well. His Hollywood home is said to be an opulent fortress, and he has a couple of others, including a whole island in Tahiti. Yet from the day he hit town he has denounced Hollywood's phony values, ridiculed acting as a neurotic indulgence (he has often announced his imminent retirement), and of course espoused . . . Social Causes.

It is part of the Brando genius that he has refused to let the public see him as just a temperamental movie star. He has pioneered and perfected a whole new public-relations technique: At odds with his surroundings, he has seen deep moral defects in all about him. Thus his misbehavior is not merely egoistic and boorish, but *principled*. Morally, he goes for the jugular.

Following the Brando principle, you act as follows: When a producer shows up offering you a million dollars to do a film, you glare contemptuously at him and, after a long, long pause, ask him what he's done for the American Indian lately. He swallows hard and stammers that, well, not as much as he'd *like* to have done, certainly . . . You nod slowly, with knowing scorn. Finally you say you're thinking of retirement. Movies are silly. If they have any justification, it's that they can reach the masses and fight the prejudices of this greedy society. If you *do* this movie, you want something in it about genocide against the Indians. And *two* million, by the way. You get the two million.

But that's only the praxis. Brando does, more or less, believe what he says. It provides him with a moral justification, and of course protects him against mere conventional moral criticism of what our forefathers would unhesitatingly have called a totally degenerate way of life. In a tolerant world, *he* plays the accuser, bullying in the name of the weak.

The former Mrs. Brando wickedly recalls that when she was pregnant, Marlon worried about what color the baby would be—because, of course, "there's so much prejudice here in America." She was furious.

Like many infantile people, Brando has always identified himself with the victims. In his movies he has a way of getting beaten up and machine-gunned with such frequency as to make Jimmy Cagney appear to have led a pampered screen life. In what has passed for his real life, he has appeared in civil-rights marches, Black Panther protests, and of course his specialty, American Indian demonstrations. Accused of hogging the limelight, he has had a ready answer: "The Indians have no access to the media so they have to speak through my mouth."

UNQUESTIONABLY his pinnacle was *The Godfather*. He explained to interviewers the deeper meaning of the film: "I don't think the film is about the Mafia at all. I think it's about the corporate mind. In a way the Mafia is the best example of capitalists we have. Don Corleone is just any ordinary American business magnate . . ."

And when he won his second Academy Award for this comeback role, he sent an alleged American Indian maiden, "Sacheen Littlefeather" (actually a minor actress named Maria Cruz), to reject it, thus crowning the greatest moment of his career in the only suitable way, by making a disruptive scene. He set such a powerful precedent for radical chic that when Jane Fonda got *her* Oscar a year or two later, she practically apologized for *not* taking the occasion to denounce capitalism.

Two of his business associates had the last word. "Marlon," one of them said, "stop worrying about a hundred million starving Indians, and worry about the two Jews who are your partners."

Ex-Mrs. Brando takes due note of Marlon the businessman. When Francis

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Ford Coppola (who used to broadcast his own admiration for Mao and Castro) begged him to waive his contractual overtime right to $65,000 for shooting one additional line of dialogue for *Apocalypse Now*—the film being several million dollars over budget—Brando refused. "I don't do $65,000 favors," he said, "just as the president of General Motors doesn't do $65,000 favors. You pay the money, I'll do the line."

And there it is. Yet nobody thinks of Marlon Brando as a greedy tycoon. His story helps explain why even multimillionaire anchormen go out of their way nowadays to express mildly radical views to *Mother Jones*. They know the secret too: Socialism is the best moral camouflage for money and power. □

FILM

SMALL TALK

JOHN SIMON

One must admire Eric Rohmer for having the courage to put talk—lots of talk—into his movies. But one must then ask oneself, "What kind of talk?" And, further, "What kind of movies?" *Pauline at the Beach*, the current installment of his new series, "Comedies and Proverbs," takes off from an epigraph by Chrétien de Troyes, "Who talks too much, undoes himself." True enough—in love, war, or the sexual skirmishes of this film—but not at all a main, or even very relevant, point here, unless it be taken as the author-director's implicit self-criticism.

Marion, a beautiful fashion designer in the process of divorcing, is spending her summer vacation on the Channel coast with her 15-year-old cousin, Pauline. The young woman questions the girl about her little "loves," but Pauline, a remarkably (perhaps excessively) adult young person, does not share Marion's eagerness for involvement. On the beach, they meet Pierre, a perpetual student, formerly and still in love with Marion, whom he hasn't seen in five years. They are joined by his acquaintance Henry, an anthropologist now working in the South Seas, but who maintains a house here in which to summer with his small daughter by an ex-wife, who was too possessive for the likes of him—a no-

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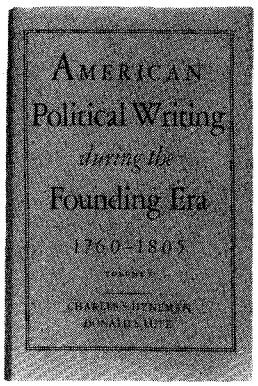

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mad in life and love. Two young boys accost the group, and one of them, Sylvain, strikes up a friendship with Pauline.

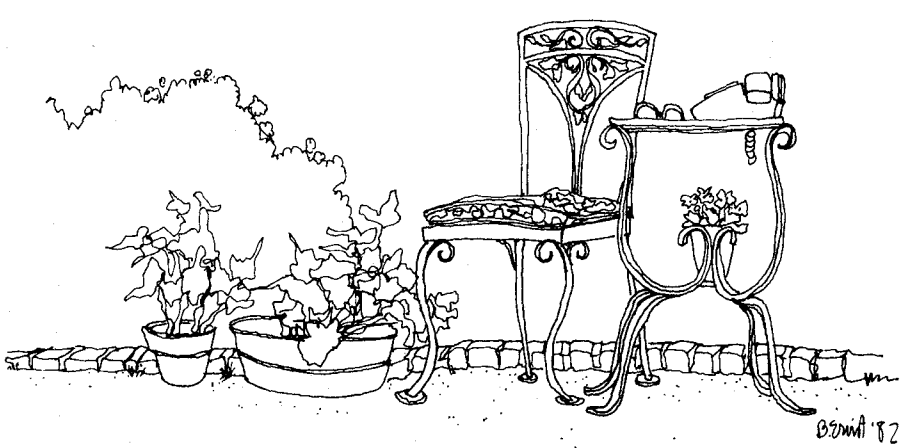
The rest of the film is a farandole of falling in and out of love, into and out of bed, into and not quite out of fatal misunderstandings, while almost incessantly talking, talking, talking: sometimes to define one's notions of love or sex, sometimes to talk others or oneself into or out of relationships. Pierre, in his mooning and whining way, desperately wants Marion, who, however, wants him only as friend and confidant. He is even more miserable when Marion falls quickly, vehemently, and romantically in love with Henry, a tattooed adventurer who scorns binding relationships, lives only in the present, and can drop a woman as fast as he can pick her up. Promptly he and Marion bed down together, and are discovered with perfect equanimity by Pauline, who would much prefer the sentimental Pierre for Marion.

Sylvain and Pauline, though she is a virgin, end up in fairly short order on Henry's bed, where Marion is shocked to find them, but withdraws discreetly. It is unclear whether the youngsters' dalliance is consummated, but Henry encourages Marion to accept it. Pierre keeps pestering Marion with both offers of his love and warnings against Henry, which only make Henry more desirable to her. Yet she in turn encourages Pauline to get involved with Pierre, which the girl won't dream of; she's happy with Sylvain. Pierre, though he gives a passing thought to Pauline, goes on yearning for Marion. One day Marion and Pauline drive off on an excursion to Mont-St.-Michel while Henry runs into Louisette, a swinger who sells candy on the beaches and has affairs even more casual than his. The two, joined by Sylvain, go off to Henry's house, where they quickly hit the sack (not for the first time), while the boy watches television.

Marion arrives unexpectedly and would catch her lover and Louisette at it, but Henry just manages to make it look as if it had been Sylvain having it off with the candy-seller. Out of politeness, the boy goes along with the pretense. But Pierre has been passing by—possibly spying—and has glimpsed the nude Louisette making love to a man he couldn't see. When he tells Marion, she smugly informs him it was Sylvain, but that Pauline should not be told. Yet Pierre feels he must warn the girl, who, hurt, breaks off with the now justly indignant Sylvain. There are recriminations in all directions, and protestations of innocence both truthful and mendacious; Pauline forgives Sylvain for having lent himself to the game, but can no longer love him. In the end, Henry, who finds Marion too beautiful, perfect, and demanding, leaves while she is in Paris on business for a day; before departing he makes an unsuccessful pass at Pauline.

The girl is by now wised up and disenchanted with all men. Marion, hurt by Henry but unwilling to give up her fantasies, urges Pauline to believe that the man in bed with Louisette was Henry, whereas she will believe him to have been Sylvain. "So we shall both be content," she says as they start the drive back to Paris. Pauline agrees, but her smile tells us she really doesn't care. She is the one who has truly grown up.

What is all this about? On one level, it is a cross between Feydeau and Marivaux, bedroom farce and elegantly sentimental comedy. But the farce is a bit too serious, a bit too hurtful, to be accepted with balneary laughter, and the *marivaudage* is not quite witty, lighthearted, and charming enough. On another level, it is a contrasting of the pure and simple affection and sex of the young with the troubled and wounding cross-purposes of the adult world that draws the kids into its messes to disrupt, if not corrupt, their joys. But these adolescents are far from all that innocent; Sylvain, though basically decent, is a tough anti-romantic, and, for all her sympathy for Pierre, so, in her way, is Pauline. Among the adults, both Pierre and Marion have a touching though ill-applied longing for fidelity; why must they be made to look such fools? And how are we to take the amoral Louisette, with her two fiancés and numerous flings? In age, she is between the two groups, yet her attitude is not an in-between one; she seems no more than a convenient catalyst.



And what of all those second-rate maxims about love that get bandied about? When Marion is not saying, "There is no love without the belief that it will be eternal" (true but obvious), she hopes that "someday a spark is struck and I suddenly become an immense brazier" (pious hope but feeble poetry), or tells Pierre—who in ways Rohmer does not succeed in conveying is supposed to be very like her—"I am not looking for someone to resemble me but for someone to complement me" (which sounds like something from some dated dating manual). Pauline informs Pierre, "You have no mystery for Marion. You are not strange." Henry tells him, "Learn to live in the present, it will give you more strength," and explains his running out on Marion with "Perfection is oppressive." Pierre announces that he is "not interested in superficial matters," which makes one wonder what he is doing in this film. All this is extracted from reams and reams of such stuff, and though Rohmer has learned how to make the camera revolve among his garrulous discussants, that is nothing compared to how La Rochefoucauld, Rivarol, Chamfort, and the rest of the boys must be whirling about in their graves.

Now, if Rohmer had concentrated on his main trio, and perhaps added Pauline by way of a fresh outside perspective, he might have had time to develop them, make them less obviously Henry the cad, Pierre the nerd, Marion the goose. He could have gone into the eternal tragicomedy of what induces people to make the wrong choices, or the right choices that, in the end, still prove wrong. He could have, without losing the essential (or is it existential?) absurdity, made

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the characters both funnier and sadder; but, come to think, that is what he tried to do in some of his earlier movies with smaller casts of characters, and it didn't work either. This film, at any rate, is elaborately verbal without rising to the epigrammatic, with a sense of human cards being shuffled and reshuffled but no game played out to the end. And what in blazes does that epigraph mean? If Pierre had not talked to Pauline, or Marion to Pierre, or anyone to anyone else—endlessly—these people would still have ended up exactly the same way.

Pascal Greggory is too monotonously hangdog a Pierre, and Féodor Atkine may be just a shade too glib as Henry. But Arielle Dombasle, though she sometimes overdoes Marion's emphatic shallowness, certainly has the body and legs —and almost the face—of the perfect woman, whose "oppressiveness" would need a lot more demonstrating. An actress named Rosette is fine as Louisette, and Simon de la Brosse easefully balances Sylvain between boy and young man, loutishness and nascent maturity. As Pauline, Amanda Langlet is the epitome of the child ripening into a woman, of still feelings that run deep. Her naturalness is exhilarating, as when, after kicking the lecherous Henry away, she asks, "Did I hurt you?" The sweetly controlled glee masquerading as solicitude has just the double-edgedness that so much of the film strives for in vain. But Nestor Almendros's cinematography is once again a model of simplicity and pertinence: In the right light, in the right colors, in eloquent composition, every image perfectly speaks its mind. □

DELECTATIONS

LA DOLCE VITA

NIKA HAZELTON

If you are still under the impression that Italy is a land where the living is simple and totally natural, all you need do to disillusion yourself is pay a visit to an Italian *supermercato*: not necessarily one in a posh quarter of Rome or Milan, but one in a small country town in Tuscany or Sicily. The convenience-food counters and the frozen-food section will be a revelation—all the more so if you go to a market that is patronized by the locals for their daily needs. Aside from the rich selection of jams, there is, to cite at random, mayonnaise and tomato paste in tubes rather than in jars, which allows the contents to stay fresh longer; assortments of antipasto goodies made with eggplant, olives, peppers, etc.; canned meat stews, packaged puddings, bottled caramel syrup, packaged cakes, and a

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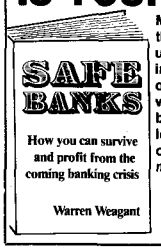

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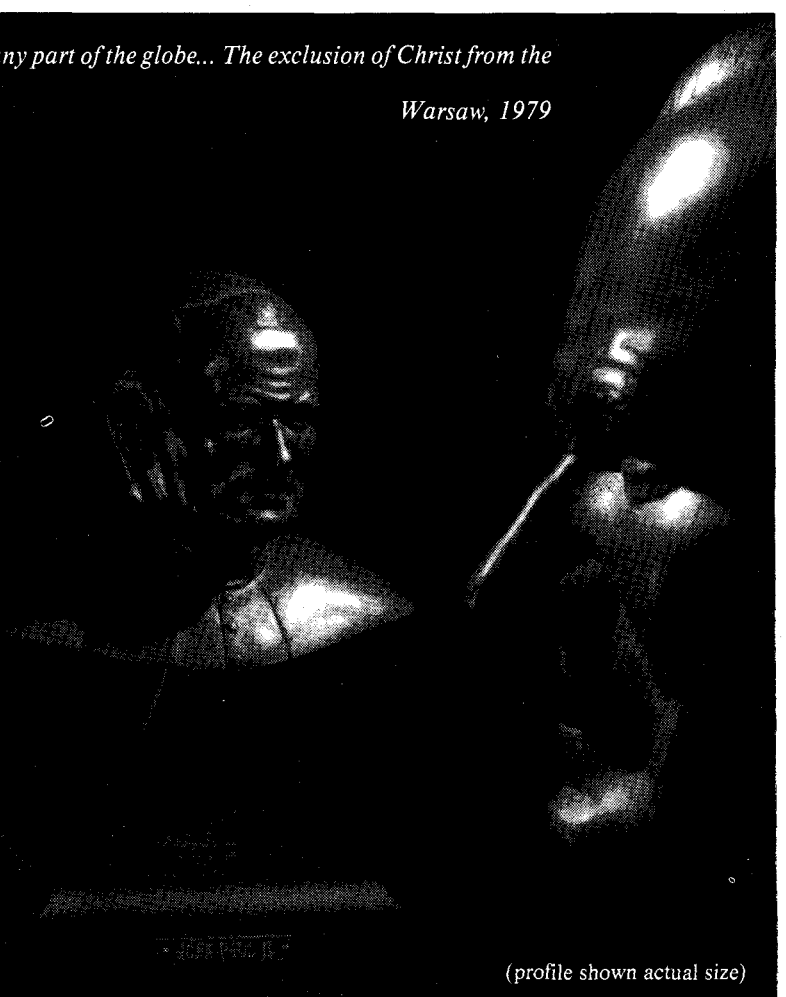

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number of the endless variety of American cold cereals that have now invaded the Italian provinces. The frozen-food compartments hold TV dinners, vegetables, cheeses, bacon, fried cheese puffs, and the obvious ravioli and tortellini.

The Italian woman, in town or in the country, middle-class or working-class, simply does not any longer cook from scratch as she once did—and wanted to do. Italians have grown conscious of their figures (*la linea*), and, besides, the taste of our times is for lighter food, since improved nutrition and warmer houses have made unnecessary the high caloric intake of earlier years. And, most important, many Italian women in villages and towns now go out to work, because they want to be able to share in the good things of life promoted by TV, magazines, and the example of the well-to-do Italians and foreigners they see.

In our tiny Tuscan village—a very rural one—there was not a single family that did not eat its meals with eyes glued to the TV set. Only for special occasions is a proper dinner prepared by the wife, with homemade pasta as a very special treat. I used to amuse my Italian friends telling them about the American mania for homemade pasta. My friends also laughed about the urge to bake one's own bread and to make fancy desserts: What's the point, they said, when everything could be bought as good? I agree with them about the making of pasta, since most store-bought pastas, especially those imported from Italy, are far better than what the eager-beavers insist on trying to make at home. But Italian women cannot believe that our bread is on the whole rather miserable, and that we do not have, except in the major cities, any serious *pasticcerie* or pastry shops.

Even though their way of life has changed, Italians remain attached to their traditional foods (even to those cookies, found in such staggering variety in all the markets and consumed in enormous quantities, which still taste as if they came from the Dead Sea Bakery), and they do not like any food that is markedly different from theirs. The thought of a Chinese or French or Mexican restaurant, even in a prosperous, good-sized town like Arezzo or Siracusa, is an impossible one, whereas these restaurants flourish in the smaller U.S. cities. Waiters in Italy look at you with disgust if you don't have a proper meal of three courses. Many restaurants refuse to serve customers who only want a pasta dish and some fruit. My children—born and raised in America—used to be furious because they could not have a large pasta dish for lunch with an ice cream to follow (I used to let them go out by themselves to be spared the shame-making remarks of the waiters).

Another sign of the times in rural Italy is the prevalence of mechanization. Aside from cars—every Italian seems to have one, be it ever so ancient a Fiat 500—there is the *motorino*, a simple motorbike (or rather a bicycle with a motor) that has revolutionized the role of women in the countryside. It is cheap, easy to run, does not require a license, and, apart from keeping the kids, from age eight up, amused, it has enabled rural women to work outside their homes, taking them to the local factory or to the bus or train. Then there is the ubiquitous TV, the washing machine, the dishwasher, the gas hot-water heater, the electric blanket, and, of course, the telephone. The new rural homes (the old farms are being converted by rich foreigners and Italian city-dwellers with a yen for the now fashionable countryside) have smashing tiled bathrooms with every *commodità*.

Naturally, life is more complex north of Rome. In some parts of southern Italy the amenities are few and poverty is great, but the romantic country so many tourists seek is hard to come by even there. As a Sicilian told me, ten years of TV brought about more change than a hundred years of economic progress. □

The GIMLET EYE

SWEEPSTAKES PLAYERS

D. KEITH MANO

HELGA, HERB, and BURT—print your name in large block letters—are rehashing sweepstake gossip for me. Each is a New York civil servant: each observes fine-print contest rules and regulations with the put-it-down-right-here literalness of some AMF pinspotter. They hope to dance soon wearing mad nuptial plumage and make Dame Luck raise her fickle tail. Still, despite their rather manic enthusiasm, I sense enough sheepishness around to fill the room with human lanolin. When you think of a sweep player, you think of someone whose receiver is way off the hook, right? H, H, and B do not often admit in public to this zipper-headed hobby. "My father told me I was nuts," Herb has said again. Then, as if to reassure himself, he will muse aloud, "But my father is dead now, of course."

This year $230 million will be given away in promotional sweepstakes. (*Sweepstake*, you understand, not contest. A contest, by definition, should require thought: to find the rhyme for Kaopectate or name Mr. Ty-D-Bol's

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dog. As Herb told me—Herb will grow on you—"I don't like using my head.") This $230 million, though, is frog-doo compared to the giagunda sum that must get spent U.S.-wide on self-secretarial overhead and envelope generation: it'd inflate sand dollars or drive penny royal up another cent. Burt can give you a close accounting. "Say thirty cents per entry—includes stamps, three-by-fives, envelopes, and contest newsletter subscriptions. So, if I'm sending ten a day, which I am, times 365—uh . . ." I'll multiply, Burt. That's $1,095 per annum, rather steepish even for an uncivil servant. Not to add in all the man-time foot-scraped away: at least a seven- or ten-hour week. "Well," Helga will say, "you have to have those three P's—Patience, Persistence, and Postage."

FOR EACH, the womb, the ark, the seat of secret puissance is an anonymous mailroom somewhere in Dearborn or Checkerboard Square. Burt has been kidney-punching his soft cheek: think, plan, connive. "Look, if there is, say, one entry taken from every mailbag, it doesn't matter when your entry comes in. But if they take only one entry per day, then it's best to get it there on a day when fewer entries come in. Somewhere in the middle of the sweepstakes. Between first advertising and deadline rush." Herb, who in his earnest foolishness is downright winsome, gets to a mailbox early so that "my letter will be on the bottom." And then again, just before pick-up time. "See, in either case, whichever way they turn a mail sack, my entry will be on top." Still, he has no more chance than Charlie the Sperm would have to dock with That Supreme Egg.

Some ornament and color their envelopes, as if sending a random Candygram. ("But what use would that be," Helga will wonder, "if the person who picks is blindfolded?") Burt has faith in a #10. "That's the biggest envelope they allow—bigger, more to grab at." And Herb, as usual, is perturbed. One expert said he should accordion each envelope (put little crimps in it to catch on an eeny-meeny finger). But Herb can't accomplish such clever Oriental paper-folding. "True," Burt has told us, "proportionately there are fewer people who win from New York. In the metropolitan area people have more things to do. If you're on a farm a hundred miles from nowhere you might as well fill out entries." Silence then: all three

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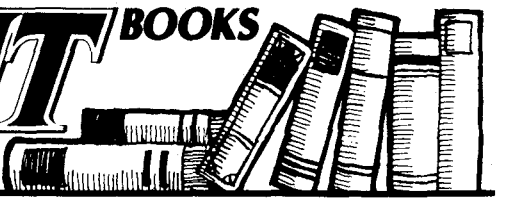
stare up, out at the rolling, too-fecund American heartland.

Over and over again, finger up, Herb will admonish us, "The most important thing is to follow the rules: 20 or 40 per cent of people are eliminated because they don't." Contest newsletters proliferate for that reason: they explain each rule and tell you what might be unreasonable about a reasonable facsimile. Burt, who has handwriting less legible than the Cardiff Giant's, could get worried. "Just how precise are they? I mean, if they spell out 'I Love N.Y.' in quotes, I know I should leave the quotes, but do I have to use lower-case o, v, e?" Herb and Helga are adamant. "If you forget and leave out a hyphen, you could get eliminated." Then Herb will pass around his latest three-by-five. "Tell me, do these block letters of mine meet with your approval?" Ahhh, we all say, sure and that is some block lettering, Herb.

AND WHAT have they won for all those licked flaps? Burt, who is newish at mail-order luck, once took in a $100 prize—just $995 short of his annual seed money. Helga did get hot some time back and hit one sweepstake in every 35: including a trip to Europe, a bicycle, a floor polisher, and $1,000. She won't compete, though, for yachts or fur coats. "You might not be able to sell them. You just get stuck with a big tax bill." And Herb. Even he knows it'll sound ridiculous. "I have won. Yes. In three years I won, uh . . . a teddy bear. And a *lot* of drinking cups. The most valuable thing I ever won was a vegetable shredder. Never did use it, though. It's in the cellar. What else? Ah, well, once I won a T-shirt that said EAT THE WORM on it. I don't know what that means, but I won it."

And yet they continue. To my mind, a little metal hammer should hang down beside each head—BREAK SKULL IN CASE OF OBSESSION. They have compulsed on mailbox drama: no civil-service rank can provide that. Burt still feels safe: "I haven't begun spending dinner money on postage yet." Herb, though, can diagnose—if he can't prescribe for—his own condition. "I have these stamps that I bought ten years ago when I was a collector. And now that I need so many stamps I look at them and I—I'm tempted to use them up. No. No question. I'm addicted." Somewhere a worm has this T-shirt on. It says, I'M EATING HERB. □

THE RIGHT BOOKS



CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

PERHAPS BECAUSE federal regulation of the electronic media owes so much to Herbert Hoover ("The ether," he said at a radio convention summoned by his own call in 1925, "is a public medium"), their deregulation has not been of pressing concern to conservatives. However, there is now an excellent little book out called *Laissez Parler: Freedom in the Electronic Media* (Social Philosophy and Policy Center, Bowling Green State University, Bowling Green, Ohio 43403; $4), by David Kelley and Roger Donway, that makes an exceedingly strong—indeed, to my mind, a really unanswerable—case for the proposition that "Democracy would be better served by private ownership and unrestricted markets in the media."

The authors begin by stating the irrefutable: "Electronic communications is . . . a regulated industry. There is an old name for the regulation of communications: The name is censorship. The current system does not differ, in principle, from the system of press licensure which the Founding Fathers regarded as a basic violation of free speech. Indeed, the Supreme Court has recognized that such regulation would be unconstitutional if applied to the print media."

Kelley and Donway do not believe that this dichotomous standard reflects, other than disingenuously, the "physical peculiarities" of the electronic media. Rather, they argue, it reflects the differences between the eras in which print and electronic communication arose: The first, at the end of the eighteenth century, "when sentiment for freedom was strong enough to produce the First Amendment"; the second, in the twentieth century, "when the intellectual tide had turned toward collectivism." The legal justification for federal control of the airwaves—that the facilities of "ethereal" communication are limited—does not wash. The reserves of oil, capital, labor, and a thousand other commodities are also "limited," yet they are essentially subsumed under the free-market system. "Anyone who wishes to start a newspaper must buy the resources he needs—labor, capital, materials—by buying them away from other potential uses. That is the only sense in which the print media are 'available to all.' But the only reason why someone wishing to start a broadcast station cannot similarly bid a frequency away from other uses is that FCC regulations prohibit it. The regulatory apparatus which the Court attempted to justify [in the NBC case, 1943] is responsible for the artificial asymmetry on which its argument turns."

THE ARGUMENT from "availability" is one of the two pediments upon which the regulators have, since the Radio Act of 1927, erected their regulatory empire. The second is the even more spurious "right of the public to be informed," which the Supreme Court has elaborated as "the right of the public to receive suitable access to social, political, aesthetic, moral, and other ideas and experiences . . ." (who says the justices aren't thorough?), and which has led to the imposition by the FCC of all sorts of nebulous obligations on broadcasters, the chief result of which has been to reduce what can be said, shown, or even reported on radio and television to a bureaucratic pablum, enforced by what one critic has called "regulation by raised eyebrow." It is the contention of Kelley and Donway that in this way the government has imposed "a condition of forced intellectual performance" upon the electronic media, barring from them at the same time any fresh and (as Norman Lear would say) irreverent voices that the free market would, if permitted to, certainly introduce.

The authors urge the repeal of the so-called fairness doctrine and other content regulations, and the transformation of current licenses into property rights in the spectrum. "The merger of print and electronic vehicles," they suggest, "will soon confront us with a basic choice: to accept government control over all communications, or to abolish regulation of the electronic media." □

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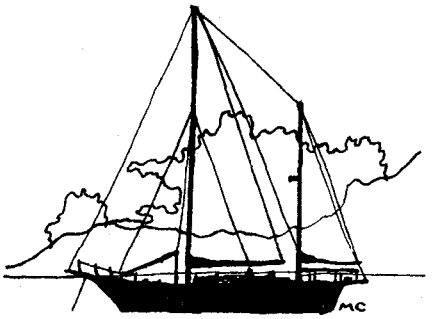
BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE CASE FOR GOLD, *by Representative Ron Paul and Lewis Lehrman (Cato Institute, 227 pp., $8.95).* The nation's money stock has been increased more than tenfold in the past forty years. And for forty years inflation has ravaged the dollar, distorted business calculations, reduced the value of pensions and savings, redistributed wealth, and engendered social conflicts. Few people see the connection, but Lewis Lehrman and Congressman Ron Paul make it clear in *The Case for Gold.* Any increase in the quantity of money does not go to all people at the same time, and does not raise all prices uniformly. Rather, some people get the new money first. These people can bid more for goods and services, and thus tend to raise the prices other people must pay. The first recipients of the new money are the short-run beneficiaries of inflation. But everyone else, who must pay higher prices, loses. And in the long run we all lose. Increases in the quantity of money and credit distort relative prices and mislead businessmen into projects that cannot be sustained when monetary policy is tightened. Long-range planning becomes chancier, as the business climate grows increasingly dependent on Washington politics. Taxes on inflation-generated capital gains and inventory profits, and skimpy depreciation allowances, lead to capital consumption. Savers avoid risky capital investments and flee into Treasury bills, precious metals, and collectibles—which contribute nothing to productive output. Is there any way to bring inflation to a permanent end? Paul and Lehrman opt for competing currencies: repeal legal-tender laws, tie the dollar to gold, permit private coinage, and abolish the Federal Reserve. Politically radical, but economically very wise. BRIAN SUMMERS

BREAKING BREAD: *The Catholic Worker and the Origin of Catholic Radicalism in America, by Mel Piehl (Temple University, 296 pp., $19.95).* This May Day the *Catholic Worker* celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. For 47 years the Catholic Worker movement—which included the newspaper, some utopian farms, and Houses of Hospitality for the destitute in dozens of cities—received direction from Dorothy Day. With the help of Peter Maurin, co-founder of the movement, Miss Day planted within American Catholicism the radical seed of European Christian social thought. The result was a small but significant movement that blended anarchism, works of mercy, unionism, pacifism, orthodox Catholicism, spiritual disciplines, identification with the poor, and absolute dedication to Christian perfection. Everyone, from Michael Harrington to T. S. Eliot, respected Dorothy Day. This book locates the importance of Catholic radicalism and evokes (sometimes without fully exploring) its many paradoxes. For example, as an anarchist and pacifist, Miss Day forswore coercion, but she also gave vigorous support to labor unions and government transfers to the needy, both of which rely on coercion to pursue justice. Or, try as the workers might to follow the "radical Gospel" alone, the utopian farms and Houses of Hospitality inevitably introduced a sociological (in tension with the religious) principle of authority. The uncompromising aspiration to Christian perfection is the source of the Catholic Worker movement's spiritual strength and political weakness. But compromises with spiritual purity have been made by Catholic radicals at least since 1960, especially in the ever-stronger peace movement, and the compromises infect Piehl's book. Thus the sympathy of Thomas Merton and the current *Catholic Worker* for revolutionary violence goes unmentioned or uncriticized. As for the paradoxes of spiritual life, no Christian escapes or finally resolves them; he chooses a set of paradoxes and lives with them. The resolute attempt of Dorothy Day and her followers to integrate the social, religious, and political significance of Catholicism will remain a challenging and disturbing ideal for all Christians, especially American Catholics, including those who dissent from Miss Day's views. DAN RITCHIE

THE DARK SIDE OF GENIUS: *The Life of Alfred Hitchcock, by Donald Spoto (Little, Brown, 594 pp., $20).* Donald Spoto's new biography of Alfred Hitchcock wears its seriousness on its sleeve; what other book about a Hollywood director makes pointed reference to both Chesterton and Flannery O'Connor? Unlike most film-related biographies, though, *The Dark Side of Genius* really is worth taking seriously. Leaving to others the purely technical aspect of Hitchcock's achievement, Spoto focuses instead on more personal matters: Hitchcock's revealing penchant for peculiarly vicious practical jokes; the true extent of his "authorial" control; the darkly private obsessions that gradually found their way into his later work—both on screen (*Vertigo*) and off (the "discovery" of Tippi Hedren). While Hitchcock would certainly have been appalled by Spoto's amply documented candor, he might also have been rather pleased to find himself the subject of so thoughtful and intelligent a biography; one may assume, after all, that the maker of *Shadow of a Doubt, Strangers on a Train, Vertigo,* and *North by Northwest* knew his own worth.

TERRY TEACHOUT



SPENCE

(Continued from page 1144)

to appear that even when they were a rarity, executions had served a purpose, and reassessments were forthcoming. While some abolitionists try to face down the results of their disastrous experiment, and still argue to the contrary, the most influential new study—Isaac Ehrlich's "The Deterrent Effect of Capital Punishment" (1975), which has supplanted Sellin as the central reference in the deterrence debate—concludes that a substantial deterrent effect has been observed.

Ehrlich's evidence and the Supreme Court's approval notwithstanding, authorities around the country continue to stay their hands, fearful of the "bloodbath" if the hundreds of persons under sentence of death were executed in rapid order. In the meantime, a real bloodbath goes on unabated. In six months, more Americans are murdered than have died by execution in this entire century.

THE EXPERTS tell us that that's the way it is and the way it will be. But what if we *used* the death penalty, and not just for the most extremely heinous crimes, but as a standard punishment? Can we hold ourselves guiltless if we do not? By no means. Until we begin to fight crime in earnest, every person who dies at a criminal's hands is a victim of our inaction.

J. Edgar Hoover, who seized the crime wave of his day and bore it down beneath the sheer weight of his activity, once said, "Crime is a dangerous, cancerous condition which, if not curbed, will soon eat at the very vitals of the country." Today, we see the decay of our inner cities, we read of tragedy and outrage until we are numb, and many of us have felt the sickening touch of brutality in our own lives.

Society must once again assume the right and accept the duty of exacting retribution. □

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CHAD WALSH:

Preface to Anthology

Several days after the death of John Kennedy . . . I learned of two other deaths on the same day: Aldous Huxley, who with a massive overdose of psychedelic drugs evaded death by cancer, and C. S. Lewis, who departed quietly in consequence of a heart attack. [Mr. Walsh put together 131 readings from Clive Staples Lewis for his anthology *The Visionary Christian.*]

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The Return of Andy

On The Right

New York, Aug. 24—The Soviet Union has had a lot of practice in the art of living theater, though it is not often that Soviet authorities have the opportunity to stage their political dramas on American soil. The decision last week—there is no doubt that the choreography was done in Moscow—was to use a very small theater. The Soviet Embassy.

So Papa Berezhkov got Andy prepared, decreed that the audience would consist of not more than three U.S. television cameras and reporters, and two Soviet reporters. And in came Andy. He recited his lines, and the only interruption from the audience came from vulgar American journalists who wanted to ask questions. Papa Berezhkov tried to prevent this from happening, but he might as well have been Richard Nixon, so futile was the attempt. So they did ask Andy, Didn't he write a letter to the President of the United States and to the *New York Times*?—which together make up the ruling American junta—and he said that the letter we are all familiar with was a fake. The only genuine aspect of Andy's statement of denial was the grammar. "The letter that was published, I didn't write it." Moscow's scriptwriters are not, however, beyond fashioning words that sound like those one would expect from a schoolboy.

THE RUSSIANS could have filled Radio City Music Hall, if they had opened the gates. They chose controlled arrangements. During the Thirties, the Soviet priesthood practiced this art, and students of the period—which includes historians, dramatists, and psychologists—knew the lengths Stalin had succeeded in causing people to go to in open court. Zinoviev would have confessed himself guilty to assassinating Julius Caesar. The probability is that Andy was not tortured, if only because it is generally unnecessary to torture 16-year-old boys in order to make them tell lies.

In America there is a congestion of parents who have torn out their hair and gnashed their teeth over the behavior of 16-year-old boys who decide that, misunderstood at home, they would rather live the life of the Lone Ranger or of Sitting Bull. The soaps deal profligately with the problem of the Misunderstood Teenager. But the suspicion was abroad that Andy Berezhkov was something other than Huck Finn, forswearing home for Life on the Mississippi. The letter he now disavows was unquestionably written in his own hand, and if he had been five years older, and if he had been a figure in grand opera, that letter would have been designated as a *cri de cœur*. Which is what it most certainly was, a cry from the heart.

American authorities were, in the case of Andy, severely hamstrung by the ambiguities that attached to him by virtue of his young age. A court order freezing him in America, pending exhaustive investigation into the sincerity of his desire to stay, was never a legally unassailable alternative. As it was, the Reagan Administration walked rather deep into legal muck by insisting that American officials would need to hear from Andy's own mouth that, indeed, he was prepared to return to the Soviet Union of his own free will.

We can wonder: What would have happened if, let us say, Papa Berezhkov had held his son Andy incommunicado not for a week, but for a month? Or two? Or for a year? What a tangle of lawyers must have got into the act! After all, hadn't Andy—if D.C. law was applicable—reached the age where he was legally entitled to submit to pederasty with American congressmen, assuming his consent? At what age, exactly, does the child of a diplomat have the right to ask for asylum? Would the Justice Department have argued convincingly that the presumption is valid that any Russian defector, of whatever age, stands to suffer, if whisked back to the Soviet Union?

One hopes that Radio Free Europe, and the Voice of America, won't let this one go away forever. It isn't likely that, in the months to come, we will pick up bottles that washed down the Dnieper to the Black Sea, in which we will receive more letters to the *New York Times* from Andy, saying he is miserable, in his miserable country. After all, Soviet psychiatric institutions surely can cope with 16-year-olds, given what we know they can do to sixty-year-olds. But every now and then, on into the future, the voices of freedom should broadcast that, if the poor kid grows up and worms his way out of that awful concentration camp that stretches from West Germany to the Bering Strait, we will be glad to have him here, as a precocious witness to the joys of a free society. □

MEMO TO THE BOSS

New York, Aug. 26—
Memo to: The Boss
From: Your Dutiful Latin American Advisor

Good job on the Mexican visit, Mr. President, but let's face it, the hot air got awfully hot, though necessarily so, I suppose. De la Madrid has got a real problem, and he could use any front-and-center attention you give him. His lecturing you about the U.S. use of arms is the

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kind of thing that goes over big, and you were wise to resist the temptation—if you experienced it—to lecture him about government corruption. The trial of the oil minister, Serrano, is whetting the appetite of a lot of Mexicans who have come next door to starvation as a result of the policies of the man who selected Madrid to succeed him, José López Portillo (they call him JoLoPo). Since JoLoPo's policies included making JoLoPo maybe the richest man in all of Latin America, Madrid faces the problem of mounting pressure to move past Serrano to the Big Man. But to do this in Mexico is to betray, so to speak, one's Godfather. And you will recall (no: maybe you'd better not recall, Boss) that the Godfather of JoLoPo, Luis Echeverría, is now the head of the Socialist International, and he's spending his time supporting the Communists everywhere in the world, and what the Communists specialize in—I don't need to tell you, Mr. P.—is using arms as required. So you got Madrid telling you not to use arms but to use your energies on social reforms, while his two predecessors are, respectively, guilty of selling out social reform for corruption, and defending Communists who are using arms to bring revolution to Central America.

I enclose, Mr. P., a brilliant article by Barbara Crossette in last Sunday's *New York Times*. She actually has the nerve to say that some top thinkers aren't so sure that U.S.-style democracy would work in Central America, and we don't want to hang our policies on any assumption that it would. "It is a region with a legacy of violence and underdevelopment where dominant economic groups have been phenomenally resistant to social and economic reform." That's one of her sentences. Here's another: "Washington's allies include Honduras and El Salvador, two other nations that both the Carter and Reagan Administrations pushed—some would say too hastily—toward elections and the establishment of democratic forms of government recognizable and acceptable to the American Congress and public."

Neat point. And of course, Mexico doesn't have anything that would pass for a democracy in the U.S., but this was hardly the thing you could tell to Madrid, when he told you not to use arms—not to use phony-baloney democracy. The heft of small revolutionary bands is the big social problem these days, like the Shining Path people down in Peru actually threatening the stability of a country that rescued itself from the military only a while ago. Belaúnde Terry, first-rate guy, is really up against it. It's a mess, isn't it?

And look at Chile. If Pinochet had been smart enough to step down two years ago he'd have been a national hero, like what would have happened to Napoleon III if he'd stepped down after the Congress of Paris in 1856. As it is, you've got chaos in Chile. And when they throw out Pinochet —though, you notice, he's come out for earlier elections, hoping to appease—the Left is likely to win. My guess is if he came out for an election at midnight tonight, he wouldn't swing it, not now.

But you've got disorganized opposition. Except the Left. They're hardly ever disorganized, so we may end up seeing in Chile what we saw in Nicaragua. From authoritarian, to totalitarian. What's the difference? they keep asking. Did you spot that nice line of Peter Berger's? "Anybody who can't see the difference between authoritarian and totalitarian wouldn't be able to see the difference between Saigon and Ho Chi Minh City."

Well, Mr. President, you asked for a very brief impression, and this is it. You have the problem of regulating the public rhetoric. Madrid—and the other leaders —have got to know we'll go along with non-intervention (hell, non-intervention is our preference), but that some things aren't going to happen, at least not as long as you're around, and by the way, why haven't you congratulated me for being the only guy on your staff who hasn't asked whether it's go-go-go in '84, sounds like country & western, no, boss? Respectfully, Sancho Panza. □

ON BEING POTTY

New York, Aug. 19—Giving away other people's money is fun. It is not, to be sure, a game everyone can play, for the obvious reason that it would end in self-victimization. The principal agents of the transfer of income in America are politicians and jurors. Politicians are supposed to be guided by redistributionist principles based on need and broad social policy; and jurors are supposed to put a cash value on a tort. But in fact, politicians are often moved simply to help those they like, namely activist constituents; and jurors tend to like the little guy. The little guy in *Craft* v. *KMBC* was Christine Craft, the demoted news telecaster who, in effect, challenged the right of management to hire and fire with reference to its own criteria.

I say in effect, because Miss Craft was technically suing for fraud. What she said was that the television station, in hiring her, had stressed the station's need for a competent journalist. But when it demoted her, it was because of her public appearance. The jury awarded her half a million dollars. Three-quarters of it in compensation for the "fraud" in the station's representations; one-quarter in punitive damages against the station.

Now let us glide past the legal technicalities, because they are of little interest. In fact, Miss Craft's contract acknowledged the station's right to hire and fire newsmen. The reason this is a national story isn't the fraud statutes and what they say about the difference between working conditions, and conditions as advertised by the personnel manager. What lawyers see in the Christine Craft case is the possibility of looming legal nightmare.

The "logical consequences seem clear," the *Wall Street Journal* writes. "Helen Hayes will sue for the title role in *Annie*; bag ladies will sell cosmetics at Bloomingdale's; Brooke Shields will still be doing Calvin Klein jeans commercials in the year 2040. Research proving Dan Rather's overwhelming popularity with female viewers will be prima facie evidence of a violation of the Universal Rights Act of 1990."

THE STRUGGLE to extirpate discrimination on account of race, color, or creed is running into a truly major freedom. That freedom was best described by G. K. Chesterton as "the freedom to be our potty little selves."

In Kansas City, the management established that Miss Craft was not fetching the audience the management thought it ought to have. Now, one should instantly recognize that that failure by Miss Craft by no means says about her anything at all disagreeable. Some of our best friends are lousy on television, and we do not doubt that Socrates could never have made it as anchorman even on PBS.

But the whole structure of a free society is based on what one might call arbitrary rights, his to say tomayto, hers to say tomahto. No computer will ever be devised to objectify the reasons why viewers prefer Dan Rather to Roger Mudd.

What now has happened is that the courts have been encouraged to get into an act in which they are *eo ipso* incompetent: namely, to decide why it is that individuals go for one person and not for another. To say they ought not to do so is a perfectly defensible position. But to say that to disagree with that judgment will cost management $500,000 is to say something not far removed from: Check with a judge before you promote or demote, because otherwise, you may run into one of those civil-rights statutes that are being interpreted as permanently protecting women, blacks, homosexuals, and —who knows where the list will end— from the normal vicissitudes of democratic life.

It was many years ago that Newton Minow said that the world of television was a wasteland, and on the whole he was right. But wastelands are not watered by giving to the courts authority over who will anchor the seven o'clock news. Democracy may be hard to live with, but to cease being our potty little selves would be hell, unless we become as potty as the court in Kansas City. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. An Asiatic legume — 10 143 24 137 41 118 15

B. One of the Wise Men's gifts — 128 167 119 148 95

C. This is observed on one of our holidays — 154 26 6 13 51 66 76 86 96 106 122 127

D. This should be written upon receipt of a gift (3 words) — 37 28 39 60 111 116 90 123 133 135 155 149

E. What *NR* hopes its readers have early in September (2 words) — 18 2 113 117 139 31 61 162 9 22 52 104

F. The state with tall corn — 25 168 27 114

G. A town in British Columbia (fol. by Lake) — 53 166 130 124 164

H. A town in Arkansas, west of Jonesboro — 70 94 21 170 153 132 141

I. HOLY POET (anagram) — 12 14 20 35 42 93 46 64

J. A holiday established after World War I (fol. by Day) — 73 97 160 29 157 11 47 59 80

K. Mournful; sounds like a French Via Dolorosa — 79 49 98 169 112 1

L. Another holiday (fol. by Day) — 165 33 30 48 67 102 87 121 129 134

M. A turning or twisting force — 78 4 110 81 69 107

N. Yes, yes, in French (2 words) — 88 82 55 68 138 131

O. Appropriating for one's own use — 3 43 54 62 77 71 159 92 63

P. An age — 72 56 65

Q. Another holiday (fol. by Day) (2 words) — 103 85 32 142 151 125 5 99

R. One of our feathered friends who gets the worm (2 words) — 145 7 136 16 163 44 83 126 34

S. Town in France, north of Lyon — 89 100 36 23 8

T. Gone — 91 108 140 17

U. A transport for carrying soldiers — 120 74 19 109 147 50 38 58 161

V. Those occupying public offices — 156 144 150

W. For their holiday, see WORD J — 40 75 57 101 84 146 152 158

X. A river in North Carolina, north of Durham — 45 115 105

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1162 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 K	2 E	3 O	4 M	5 Q		6 C	7 R	8 S		9 E	10 A		11 J	12 I	13 C
	14 I	15 A	16 R	17 T		18 E	19 U	20 I	21 H	22 E	23 S	24 A		25 F	26 C		27 F
28 D	29 J	30 L	31 E		32 Q	33 L		34 R	35 I	36 S	37 D		38 U	39 D	40 W	41 A	
42 I	43 O		44 R	45 X		46 I	47 J	48 L	49 K	50 U		51 C	52 E	53 G	54 O	55 N	56 P
57 W	58 U	59 J		60 D	61 E	62 O		63 O	64 I	65 P	66 C	67 L	68 N	69 M	70 H		71 O
72 P		73 J	74 U	75 W		76 C	77 O	78 M		79 K	80 J	81 M	82 N	83 R	84 W	85 Q	86 C
	87 L	88 N		89 S	90 D		91 T	92 O	93 I	94 H	95 B	96 C	97 J	98 K		99 Q	100S
101W		102L	103Q	104E	105X	106C	107M		108T	109U	110M	111D		112K	113E		114F
115X	116D		117E	118A	119B	120U	121L	122C	123D	124G	125Q	126R		127C	128B	129L	130G
131N	132H	133D		134L	135D	136R		137A	138N	139E		140T	141H	142Q	143A	144V	145R
	146W		147U	148B	149D	150V	151Q	152W	153H		154C	155D		156V	157J		158W
159O	160J	161U	162E	163R		164G		165L	166G	167B		168F	169K	170H			

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